OXFORD HISTORIES

The REIGN *of* QUEEN VICTORIA

by

M. B. SYNGE

Illustrated

Victoria R.I.

THE · OXFORD
HISTORY · READERS

BOOK · VIII

The REIGN of QUEEN VICTORIA

BY

M · B · SYNGE

HUMPHREY · MILFORD
OXFORD · UNIVERSITY · PRESS
LONDON · EDINBURGH · GLASGOW · NEW YORK
TORONTO · MELBOURNE · CAPE TOWN · BOMBAY

REPRINTED 1919 IN ENGLAND
AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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Chapter I

Victoria—Queen of Great Britain and Ireland

THE Princess Victoria became Queen on June 20, 1837, just five weeks after keeping her eighteenth birthday. She died on January 22, 1901, having reigned for sixty-three years over a kingdom which, during this period, had grown into the strongest empire the world had yet seen.

The story of its growth is the subject of this book. It is a story which has no equal in the world's history.

It will be interesting to learn something of the young girl-queen so suddenly called to a position of such immense importance.

Victoria was the niece of William the Fourth, and daughter of his younger brother, the Duke of Kent. Heir after heir to the British throne had died, and by the time that the little Princess Victoria was twelve years old, it became evident that she would succeed her uncle.

For this great post she was educated with care by her widowed mother, so that when the change came it found her prepared to discharge her office with a high sense of public duty.

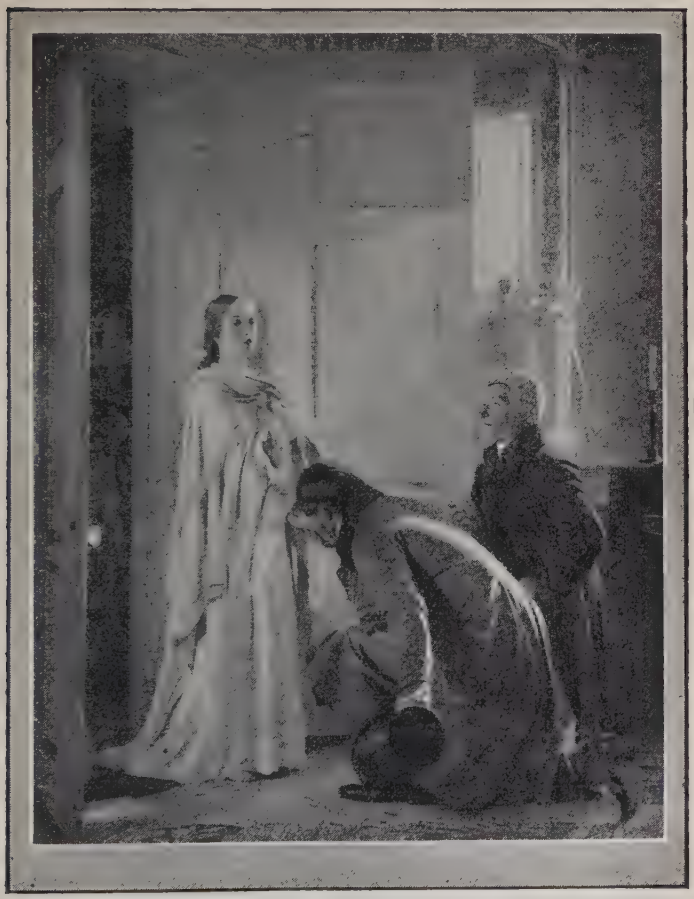
William the Fourth died in the early morning hours of June 20, 1837, at Windsor Castle. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain hurried off

at once to London to break the news to the young Princess, who was sleeping peacefully in her old home at Kensington Palace. They arrived about five o'clock in the morning, but it was some time before they could rouse the porter at the gate. At last they gained

William IV.

admittance, but no one seemed to realize the greatness of the moment. "We are come *to the Queen* on business of State," they assured the sleepy household.

Soon the young Queen stood before them, her feet in slippers, her hair down her back, a shawl thrown round her shoulders. It was a great moment when



Victoria Regina.

the Archbishop and the Lord Chamberlain fell on their knees and saluted her as Queen.

Her great responsibilities had begun—responsibilities which she laid down only with her life. The quiet uneventful life she had led alone with her mother at Kensington Palace was to be exchanged for a life of publicity, tried by that "fierce light that beats upon a throne".

Lord Melbourne.

Before nine o'clock the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, had arrived to instruct the young Queen in what would be required of her at the first Council meeting of the new reign. The simple dignity with which she performed her part, reading her speech in a clear untroubled voice before some hundred strange Privy Councillors, astonished all.

"Educated in England under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother," ran the stilted language of the message compiled for her, "I have learned from infancy to respect and love the Constitution of my native country."

All through that long day, the great bell of St. Paul's tolled for the dead King, while the new Queen prepared for her formal Proclamation on the morrow. She was enthusiastically received by her new subjects, and a continuous shout of "Long live the Queen" greeted her as she drove to St. James's Palace. Dressed in deep mourning, with a large black bonnet, she appeared at the open window of the Privy Council Chamber while the guns fired a royal salute and bands played the National Anthem.

As the shouts of her people fell on her ears, the young Queen burst into tears. She was but eighteen, and Queen of the mightiest land of Europe.

"The Queen wishes to be alone," she announced on her return to Kensington Palace. Alone, amid her familiar surroundings, she wished to dedicate herself to her country.

She now took up her abode at Buckingham Palace, which had been built for her uncle, George the Fourth, and gave her whole attention to learning the high affairs of State. Lord Melbourne was ever at her right hand, instructing her in her great duties, explaining difficult situations, and guiding her through the intricate ways of the British Constitution.

At the end of a year, the Queen was crowned in the presence of her loyal subjects and representatives from France, Spain, Sweden, Hanover, Prussia, Russia, and other foreign nations.

At dawn on June 28, 1838, London was roused from fitful sleep by the thundering of guns from the Tower, and soon throngs of gaily dressed people

were surging up and down the London streets. In her state coach, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, the Queen drove to Westminster Abbey : she was no longer unknown and untried ; she had won all hearts by her considerate acts; and as she appeared, radiant with health and youth, the air was rent with shouts from the great crowds around her.

Inside the old weather-beaten Abbey, the scene of so many past coronations, a marvellous procession awaited the Queen. There were archbishops and bishops, princes and princesses of royal blood, and foreign visitors from the courts of Europe. The Queen, dressed in crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine fur and bordered with gold lace, walked to her place in the choir, while the Westminster boys chanted " Vivat Victoria Regina ".

Then the Archbishop presented her to the people : " Sirs," he cried in the traditional language of the service, " I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm, wherefore all you who are this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same ? "

" God save the Queen," came the solemn answer.

As the sounds echoed away, the trumpets sounded, the drums rolled, and the band struck up the National Anthem. Then the Queen took the coronation oath, promising to maintain the law of the land and the national religion of the Church of England.

" The things which I have here promised I will perform and keep. So help me God."

At the end of five hours the great service was

ended—the Queen was Queen indeed, as, wearing her crown, she drove home through crowds of loyal English men and women.

"Poor little Queen!" said Thomas Carlyle, who was watching in the crowds. "Poor little Queen! She is at an age at which a girl can hardly be trusted to choose a bonnet for herself, yet a task is laid upon her from which an archangel might shrink."

Chapter II

A Sketch of Britain in 1837

To understand the wonderful achievements of the Victorian age, let us glance for a moment at the condition of the country when the young Queen came to the throne.

It was a very different Britain at that time—a Britain without any rapid means of communication, without trains or steamers, motors or bicycles, without telegrams, telephones, postage stamps, envelopes, postcards—a Britain without gas or electric light or even matches.

The people looked quite different too. They wore clothes of brighter colours; men wore gay coats and waistcoats, they wound thick cravats round their necks, and wore whiskers and long hair. Women wore their hair divided in the middle and brushed smoothly down over their ears; they wore full

Mid-Victorian Costume.

skirts with high waists, and large bonnets trimmed with light ribbons. Children were not dressed in warm clothes, they went about in winter and summer alike with low-necked frocks and short sleeves, with socks on their legs instead of stockings. They were very strictly brought up, the stick was freely used, and they addressed their parents as "sir" and "madam". Girls were taught by their mothers to sew, cook, and to wash, though few of them could read and write.

Indeed there were few enough books to read, and these were expensive. There were no free libraries and no swimming baths. Baths were not considered necessary. Eton boys had one bath a term, and that was the night before they returned home for the holidays! The importance of cleanliness was not realized.

Beer was the universal drink for rich and poor: spirits were hardly used as yet. There was no five o'clock tea, for tea itself was expensive. On the other hand, all food was home grown; bread was made from home-grown corn, beef and mutton from home-fed oxen and sheep, butter was churned in the country farmsteads by the farmer's wife and daughters, home-cured bacon was the cheapest food for the working man.

But wages were low, and the working man was badly housed. He had as yet no voice in the government of his country, no newspaper to tell him what was going on elsewhere. Many more people lived in the country than at the present day, for migration

to the large towns had but lately begun. Life was altogether less restless, if more monotonous. There was no annual outing to the seaside; people were hopelessly separated one from another, for travelling by stage coach was an expensive luxury.

Medicine, too, was in a backward condition. Many a valuable life was lost, because surgical operations, that are now quite common, were almost impossible before the days of chloroform. Women were little educated, there were no hospital nurses, no women doctors. Instead of seeking professions, they worked at home, they wove their own linen, they took little part in public life. They married young, and devoted themselves to their households.

There was very little emigration at this time; the young men could find plenty of occupation at home. Great Britain had work for all her sons and daughters, and there was no British Empire as there is to-day. Canada was our oldest and nearest colony. Australia was a convict station, South Africa a little territory about the Cape of Good Hope, New Zealand was inhabited by natives only. Few people thought much of these scattered possessions, some did not even know where they lay on the map. And it was not till communication became more rapid all over the world, that these distant possessions grew into importance.

In 1830 the first passenger train had been driven between Liverpool and Manchester at the rate of twelve miles an hour by the inventor, George Stephenson himself. In the year of the Queen's coronation

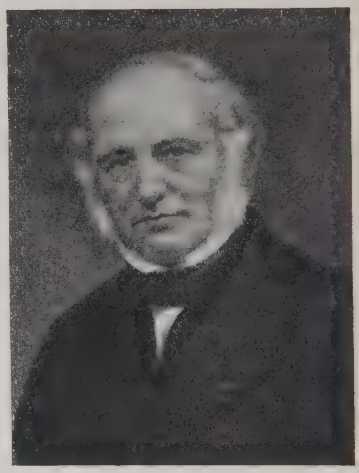
this pace was increased to twenty-one miles an hour, and the distance from Liverpool to London, 210 miles, was accomplished in ten hours. Lines were rapidly laid down all over the country, connecting the few large towns one with another, and every month found new trains cautiously running over them.

The danger of travelling was still great, and few passengers took their seats in the rough carriages of those early days without wondering whether or not it might prove a last venture. Stations were few and far between, no smoking was allowed for fear of fire, signalling was yet in its infancy, and the now familiar *Bradshaw's Guide*, with its thousand pages, consisted of six pages in the year of its birth, 1839.

As to the third-class passengers, they were packed into open cattle trucks; railway servants were forbidden to attend to them; the pace of their trains might not exceed twelve miles an hour, and for this they had to pay at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ a mile.

The same rapid progress was taking place with regard to steamers. The first steamer had made its way across the Atlantic in 1819, the very year of the Queen's birth. Improvements in engines had been taking place all through her childhood, until in the year after her accession, the *Great Western*, with sixty-five passengers and twenty thousand letters, crossed the Atlantic in fifteen days from Bristol to New York. Henceforth a regular service of steamers plied between England and America, Liverpool springing into fame as a port.

Another change of far-reaching importance was the introduction of the penny post throughout Britain. In 1837, Rowland Hill had advocated uniform postage, which had already existed in London, but beyond this area postal rates were very high, often over a shilling, which sum was paid by the recipient of the letter, and not by the writer. The fast-growing trade of the British Isles had suffered severely from the delays and expense of the post. And although the population of the country was increasing rapidly, yet the money taken by the General Post Office had not increased. A penny post was now planned for the whole country, and in 1840 anybody could send a letter, bearing a stamp, to any part of the British Isles for one penny, so long as it was under half an ounce, a limit which twenty-five years later was raised to one ounce. Before the Great War four ounces could be sent for a penny.



Sir Rowland Hill.

Yet quicker communication was established by the invention of the electric telegraph in 1837. It was the result of patient toil, the final triumph of which was shared by Britain and America. The

telegraph was first used along the railway lines of the Great Western Railway, but its real value was not realized till ten years later, when the importance of the new invention dawned on the public mind.

Chapter III

Across the Seas

The first troubles in the new reign came from the colonies. Britain as yet took little interest in those sons and daughters who had left her shores to make fresh homes beyond the seas. There was no Colonial Secretary, no Colonial Office. Any difficulties with our distant possessions were settled by the War Office.

Australia was as yet only half explored. It was thought to be a great lone waterless land, fit only for convicts and idlers. Britain had not yet realized the importance of this great continent laid at her feet by Captain Cook. In Southern Australia, the town of Adelaide had already arisen. It had been named after the wife of William the Fourth, only a year before the accession of Queen Victoria. The new city of Melbourne, named after the Prime Minister, contained some 450 colonists. Sydney, with its magnificent harbour, was more thickly populated, but there was no Western Australia, Queensland as such did not exist, New South Wales

and Victoria were one, and in the whole country there were but some 150 Englishmen.

Over the neighbouring island of New Zealand natives still ran wild, and it was not till 1839 that the New Zealand Colonization Company was formed, and a pioneer expedition sailed to colonize the new country. On the west coast of Africa were a few fever-stricken haunts, but the Cape of Good Hope offered a better home to British colonists. Here numbers of English lived side by side with the Dutch farmers. But just before the Queen's accession, the abolition of slavery had been resented by these Boers, as they were called, and they had marched away to the country beyond the Orange River, whence they migrated to another tract of waste land, known to us as the Transvaal. As yet Britain played no part in Egypt or the Sudan, Uganda was only partially explored, Rhodesia occupied by natives only, Nigeria was desert land.

Captain Cook.

Our nearest and oldest colony was Canada, at this time divided into two parts—Upper Canada, to which our people went, and Lower Canada, occupied mostly by descendants of the old French settlers who had possessed the land before Wolfe won it for Britain on the Heights of Abraham in 1758.

Strife had arisen between the two provinces, strife between British and French colonists, between those advanced settlers from the mother country and the old settlers, who prided themselves on their isolation, and kept up the customs and traditions of a bygone

Monument to Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham.

age. The accession of the young Queen, received with rejoicing in Upper Canada, was greeted with sullen silence by the French Canadians, and soon smouldering discontent broke into open rebellion.

Lord Melbourne selected a young statesman, Lord Durham, of whose ability he thought very highly, and begged him to go over and quell the rebellion, and in April 1838 Lord Durham left Plymouth for

Canada. It was a month before the new Governor-General of Canada anchored at Quebec to take up his new duties. He found the whole country seething with rebellion, but he soon restored confidence.

LORD DURHAM

He spoke to the people of the greatness of Britain, till he re-awakened in their hearts the old pride of race; he entreated them to use every effort to develop their fertile soil and expand their trade, instead of quarrelling among themselves. They had

thought Britain indifferent, ready to abandon them to their fate, but this idea was dispelled by Lord Durham.

It became clear to him that progress could only be assured if Upper and Lower Canada were united in one dominion.

But differences of opinion arose between Lord Durham and the Home Government, and reluctantly the Governor of Canada felt obliged to resign his post. In a broken voice and with tears in his eyes, he explained to the colonists the position he felt to be impossible.

For the sake of Canada he had decided to go home and explain in person the problems that yet remained unsolved. In spite of protest he sailed from Quebec in November—a proud but broken-hearted man. The first snows of winter had fallen overnight, but this did not deter the loyal Canadians from thronging the silent streets. They filled every window, they stood on the housetops, they pressed round the carriage that bore their Governor from hill to harbour. As he passed every hat was raised in silent homage, every eye strained to catch the last sight of the little frigate as she sailed down the St. Lawrence River under the heavy clouds of snow. As the ship ploughed her way to the great Atlantic, the colonists burst into the familiar strains of "Auld Lang Syne", but Lord Durham had left Canada for ever.

The triumph of his career was yet to come. It lay in the famous *Report on the Affairs of British*

North America, which was laid before Parliament early in the New Year of 1839. It has been called the Magna Charta of the colonies, for it opened men's eyes to the possibilities of a colonial empire, with Britain as the centre.

Lord Durham had looked into the future. His report broke new ground, it proposed new methods, it was inspired throughout by a new spirit of justice and patriotism, it laid the foundations of colonial expansion, and roused at home a feeling of loyalty and devotion for our kinsmen beyond the seas.

Among other suggestions in this carefully written report were the union of Upper and Lower Canada, the creation of a self-governing body for internal affairs, State-aided emigration on a large scale, and the formation of a railway for the development of the country. The whole was a masterly achievement, born of true statesmanship. In the year 1840 a Bill was passed uniting the two Canadian provinces, according to Lord Durham's suggestion.

But the author of it all lay dying—heart-broken, some said, at the treatment he had received at the hands of the British Government. Five days after the young Queen had given her assent to the Bill Lord Durham died.

Chapter IV

Colonists in South Africa

At the Queen's accession our possessions in South Africa were less in area than the British Isles. And though Britain at this time took little interest in the life of the colonists, it is extremely important that readers of English history should understand their growth. Each colony has its own definite history, each is built on the courage, industry, and perseverance of fellow countrymen, each forms a thrilling page in the story of our own times.

Most of Africa was looked on at this time as a barren desert. Little did men think that the sunburnt plains would one day produce a wealth of copper, that the tracts of sweeping veldt would make the finest pasture in the world, or that the land would yield gold and diamonds unequalled anywhere. There were no large towns in the south, elephants and other big game roamed within a few miles of the coast. Only a few hundred scattered homesteads in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope, occupied by English and Dutch settlers, spoke of the "nation yet to be".

It was not till the year 1820 that a detailed and glowing account of the country reached England from the Governor at the Cape. He spoke of the wondrous beauty of the land, of the forests with

their brilliant foliage, of the rich plumage of the birds, of the delicious air laden with the scent of wild flowers, and the fertility of the soil.

So England sent out twenty-three shiploads of colonists to land at Algoa Bay, the next port, some 450 miles from Cape Town, to settle in the well-watered land behind the barren sandhills of the low coast. Here gradually arose the towns of Port Elizabeth, Albany, and Grahamstown, later three of the most flourishing towns in the Cape Colony. The hardships and difficulties of these early colonists were great indeed. From time to time bands of natives would sweep down and destroy their homes and their farms, kill their wives and children, steal their sheep and cattle.

Difficulties soon arose between the Dutch and British settlers, and the former left Cape Colony to make fresh homes beyond the Orange River. Near the present town of Bloemfontein they encountered a band of Matabele natives, who massacred large numbers, till they were defeated by the Boers, and obliged to retreat. Forming a camp near the Vet River, they called it Winburg, in memory of their victory. Then they pushed on into Natal.

Here they were met by fierce Zulu tribes, who fell on them at the foot of the mountains and murdered no fewer than forty-one Boers, with their wives and children, at a place afterwards called Weenen, marked now by a marble obelisk.

Nevertheless, by 1838, having defeated the Zulus at Blood River, they began to settle in Natal, building

the town of Pieter Maritzburg in memory of their two dead leaders. It was not till they had pro-

A Matabele.

claimed the Republic of Natal that the English thought it time to interfere.

Long years before, British settlers had arrived at

Natal; they had laid out the town of Durban two years before the Queen's accession, and some British troops had occupied the country since that time. It was a beautiful land, well watered, fresh with breezes from sea and hill, the "Garden Colony" of South Africa.

The British Government awoke to the fact that Natal was slipping away from them, so in 1842 a small force was sent to decide Britain's claim to it, and British and Dutch colonists came into unfortunate collision.

The little British camp at Durban was besieged by 500 Dutch, and their position was one of grave peril; indeed, they would have been forced to surrender had it not been for the daring ride of a young English farmer called Dick King to get reinforcements. Having volunteered for this task, he was given by the garrison the best horse they had, and under cover of darkness he started on his famous ride of 600 miles. It was no easy matter to avoid the Dutch scouts posted in the neighbourhood; his track lay through a country of savage natives, where bridges were unknown, and he had to swim the rivers with his horse. At an American mission station on the way he was fed and rested, but he refused to spare himself, spent as he was, while his countrymen were in peril and distress. So he hastened on, till ten days after he left Durban, he staggered into Grahamstown with his woful news. Help was at once dispatched to Durban, and the Boers were driven off. The young colonist had accomplished

a feat almost without parallel even in the heroic record of colonial history for sheer pluck and endurance. He had saved Natal.

On May 10, 1843, Natal was proclaimed a British colony, and grants of land were made to all who wished to make homes there. Many of the Boers, however, left the country and pushed northwards beyond the Vaal River, to an unknown land, known later to history as the Transvaal, and now included in the British Empire.

Sixty years ago there was no Transvaal, and to-day it is larger than Great Britain. Here each farmer secured 6,000 acres of virgin soil, which was compensation for having lost the sea-coast of fair Natal. They had boundless plains of high plateau, forests of yellow wood and cael thorn, valleys with streams of water, and immense quantities of game.

No one dreamed of gold-fields at this time. The Boers led a pastoral life, only disturbed by frequent raids of natives. But, owing to constant difficulties, in 1852, Britain, by the Sand River Convention, gave the Boers of the Transvaal the right to manage their own affairs, and two years later another convention was signed at Bloemfontein, by which the Boers in the Orange Free State were declared a free and independent people. So we get the birth of the two Dutch Republics—the Transvaal and the Orange Free State—far away inland in British South Africa, which at this time consisted only of Cape Colony and Natal.

Chapter V

Troubles in India

The most important British possession at this time was India. It was a smaller country than the India of to-day. It was not a land of white men, but a land of dark-hued natives, to which Englishmen went first to trade, then to conquer, then to govern.

We are not here concerned with the story of the conquest of India. At this time the Indian people were the subjects of the young Queen, though the country was governed by the East India Company, which had been formed for purposes of trade in the year 1600. Under the Company, numbers of young Englishmen went out to make new careers for themselves. Many became officers in native regiments. Thither went young Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, Henry Lawrence and his two brothers, John Nicholson, and many others, whose names have been handed down as heroes. Some went out to trade, for here was a land destined to become eight times the size of the British Isles, with every variety of soil and climate. It produced cotton, rice, wheat, sugar, coffee, tea, silk, flax, spices, and many another article which could not be produced in the home country. Many a young Englishman made his name and his fortune in India at this time.

Difficulties arose in Afghanistan, a country lying between Persia and India, and governed by a native ruler—Dost Mahommed. As Persia and India were under British influence, each country was anxious to secure Dost Mahommed as a friend. In 1838, Britain, suspecting that he was being worked on by the Russians, dethroned Dost Mahommed, and crowned a friendly Prince in his stead. The new ruler was placed on the throne, and the British Army, thinking that its task was done, withdrew, leaving only some 8,000 men under the English minister, Macnaghten, together with Sir Alexander Burnes, to watch over British interests at the new court.

A Typical Afghan.

For a time all went well. Mahommed had given up his sword and surrendered himself to the British. But the new ruler was weak and unpopular, and gradually discontent broke into open rebellion. The Afghans attacked the house of Sir Alexander Burnes, drew their long knives, and slew him. Dost Moham-

med's son, Akbar Khan, a fierce and revengeful man, now appeared upon the scene. He was a strong leader, and he had his country with him. Skirmish after skirmish took place, until Macnaghten was obliged to treat with him.

The Prince made heavy terms with the English. They must leave the country, and remove the ruler so recently enthroned in Afghanistan. An interview was arranged between the British minister and Akbar Khan. For a time they talked together on friendly terms. Suddenly Akbar drew from his belt a pistol, recently presented to him by Macnaghten himself, and shot the Englishman dead. Terror and weakness seized the little band of British left in the city of Kabul. They agreed to give up their guns on condition that they had provisions and a safe retreat to Jalalabad, which was being held by a British garrison. Akbar promised that they should depart unmolested. So the terrible retreat began. It was the 6th of January, 1842, the very heart of the Afghan winter. At nine o'clock on that dreary winter morning the British began their march. There were 4,500 soldiers, under British officers, with their wives and children ; there were long trains of camels and camp-followers ; sick folk were riding with the most fragile of the women and children—all were unconscious of the terrors before them.

The town of Kabul stands 6,000 feet above sea-level, and snow lay deep on plain and hill-side as they left the city. Two days' march over the snow-covered mountains reduced the numbers of the little

British band before ever they reached the terrible Khyber Pass, which was to prove a death-trap. This great gorge was five miles long. It was so deep, so precipitous, and so gloomy, that the rays of the sun had never pierced it, even in the noonday. Down the deep centre dashed an ice-cold mountain torrent.

Weary, frost-bitten, terrified, the reduced little British band straggled into this awful pass, only to be greeted by a storm of rocks and stones hurled down on them by the wild Afghans at every opening. Men, women, children, camels, and horses crowded onwards in a confused mass, only to be killed by falling stones or crushed by frightened animals. Children were torn from the arms of their mothers and hacked to pieces by the furious Afghans before their very eyes.

And Akbar Khan—he who had promised a safe passage? He was there in person, but unable to stay the fury of his wild subjects, even if he would. He could only suggest that the women and children should be placed under his immediate care. It was their only chance of life, and the retreat went on without them. The snow was now stained with the blood of those who were left, the air rent with their groans and cries, while the Afghans fought them with their deadly knives.

By the time they were within sixteen miles of Jalalabad, only six persons remained out of the 16,000 who had left Kabul but six days before. One by one even these were killed by the blood-

thirsty Afghans, until one man alone survived—Dr. Brydon still had strength to sit his weary horse. It was late on the afternoon of January 13 when, bleeding and utterly exhausted, he rode slowly through the Kabul Gate of Jalalabad to tell the story of disaster, of shame, and humiliation.

Sir Robert Peel.

At Jalalabad, General Sale refused to yield when summoned to surrender by Akbar Khan. "I propose to hold this place on the part of the Government until I receive orders to the contrary," he said firmly to his troops. Akbar and his frantic Afghans hurled themselves against it in vain. By this staunch defence the honour of England was retrieved.

Meanwhile, a Tory Government, under Sir Robert Peel, had replaced Lord Melbourne's Whig ministry, and the new ministry demanded the abandonment of Afghanistan.

Chapter VI

Britain's Children

While a handful of British men, women, and children were suffering untold agonies in the Khyber Pass in distant Afghanistan, a great number of British children were suffering acutely at home. Years before this time, Englishmen, in their wisdom and mercy, had decided that forty-five hours a week was long enough for a negro to work, but they did not realize that there were little white slaves in their midst—children of the growing empire—working sixty-nine hours a week under miserable conditions.

"Climbing boys" are now entirely of the past, but in the early Victorian days the chimneys of England were swept by little children. These children were stripped of their clothes, and forced up narrow, dark chimneys by cruel masters, who but a few years before this time, had been found applying wisps of lighted straw to the children's feet to urge them up. It was terrifying work; sometimes the child died of suffocation from the soot lodged in the chimney; sometimes terror, bruises, and disease did their work of disabling the child for life. Again and again attention had been drawn to this evil, but it was not till 1840 that an Act was finally passed forbidding children of eight and ten years old to be sent up chimneys.

The sweep with his long brushes took the children's place, but the law was often evaded—as late as 1873 a little chimney-sweeper of seven and a half was suffocated in a flue at Durham—till further legislation wiped this disgrace from our land.

Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury (after Millais).

The man who fought the little children's battles in the first half of the century was Lord Ashley (afterwards Lord Shaftesbury). He now turned his attention to the unhappy children working in the factories. He found children of four, five, and six years old, ignorant, stunted in growth, miserable, working all day long in calico factories, button factories, glass, hosiery, and tobacco factories. Children were looked on as wage-earners, and both parents and factory owners were opposed to shortening the hours of work. It was not till 1845 that Britain forbade the employment of children under eight years old.

Far worse were the conditions under which children were employed in coal-mines. An inquiry in 1842

resulted in a report being published. Never was a Blue Book more widely read; it unveiled a state of things that the warmest friends of the poor could not have imagined. Righteous wrath filled the land when it became known that children of four and five toiled all day long below ground in the coal-mines. To a young and nervous child the terror of descending into the dark mine was intense, nor were matters improved when the lowest depth was reached. Damp, dark, and close, the wall of the mine often had water trickling down its sides, and the ground was deep in black mud.

The first employment of a very young child was that of a "trapper". A little five-year-old would sit all day long beside a low door in a dark narrow passage at the bottom of the mine. On the approach of a small coal-truck pushed by other children, he must pull open the little door, and quickly shut it up again. In pitch darkness and intense silence he sat there all day alone, among rats and beetles. If he fell asleep, a strap was applied with brutal severity. As the children grew older they passed to other employments. Along narrow passages they crawled on all fours, with girdles round their waists, harnessed by a chain between their legs to the coal-truck they drew. They were just little beasts of burden—very different from the happy children attending our schools to-day.

"I found a little girl," said one report, "six years of age, carrying half a hundredweight (or one sack) of coals, and making regularly fourteen journeys

a day." Each journey she ascended a height exceeding that of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. No wonder many of these poor children died very young.

The report of all these infant miseries moved Lord Ashley to bring in his great Bill, which forbade mine-owners to employ children under ten years old at all, and after that age only within limited hours.

"Is it not enough", he said, at the end of a famous speech, "to announce these things to an assembly of Christian and British gentlemen? For twenty millions of money you purchased the liberation of the negro, and it was a blessed deed. You may, this night, by a cheap and harmless vote, invigorate the hearts of thousands of your country people, enable them to walk erect in newness of life, and to enter on the enjoyment of their freedom. These, sir, are the ends that I venture to propose; this is the barbarism that I seek to remove."

The Bill was passed, and the little children under ten years old were set free. In 1847 the famous Ten Hours Bill was passed, which gave all the workers in the country more freedom to enjoy life, more leisure in their homes, more rest for their bodies.

So a spirit of mercy and pity grew up in Britain, encouraged by the young Queen. All through her long reign, the conditions of child life became better and better, till at her death the children of the empire were happier and healthier than ever before in the whole history of our country.

Chapter VII

The People's Charter

Not only child labour but all British labour was undergoing change during the early years of the Victorian Age. Manual work had been replaced by machinery, and rural and pastoral England had become a manufacturing nation.

Where once stood happy homesteads, surrounded by fresh fields, now tall chimneys blackened the air with their fumes, and the flames of blast-furnaces lit up the darkness of the night. The hill-sides were disfigured with rubbish-heaps thrown up by human moles at work under ground, while the clear flowing rivers and streams became black and thick with the refuse of factories. Whole new towns had suddenly sprung up, almost like mushrooms in the night. Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Birmingham—all these grew and prospered.

By means of labour-saving machines manufacturers grew rich, but thousands of workers who had supported themselves on home industries were thrown out of work. These poured into the towns, where they lived in unhealthy surroundings, often in underground cellars, herded together in unwholesome crowds. Wages were kept low by the great competition, and the working classes were in a deplorable condition. Agitation was in the air, and this

Scene in the Black Country. [*Photo, Grist.*

soon took the form of a great political movement known as "Chartism".

Just before Queen Victoria's accession the middle classes had been given a vote in the government of the country by the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. Up to this time the government of the country had been in the hands of the rich landowners. It was but just that the rapidly increasing class of manufacturers should be fairly represented in the House of Commons.

But the Bill, while it gave votes to the middle classes, left the mass of wage-earners and the agricultural population with no voice in the legislation of the land. It was this huge class of toilers that now arose to call attention to an injustice to which it had awakened.

The Chartist movement had its origin in Birmingham, a great centre of industry as well as of discontent. Here, a few weeks after the accession of Queen Victoria, a great meeting was held, and a petition was drawn up and read by one Daniel O'Connell.

"There is your charter," he said, when he had read the demands of the working men; "stick to that."

From this time forward for the following ten years, those who upheld the petition were called Chartists. Thousands of men joined the ranks, and the agitation spread rapidly through the country. Many people joined simply because they were discontented; they wanted more food and higher wages and shorter hours of work. They felt that the middle classes,

with their new-born freedom, were oppressing them; they were a wronged people, and must assert themselves boldly. Their charter, after all, was not very alarming, nor were their demands excessive. They demanded universal suffrage—that is, a vote for every full-grown man; but it was another thirty years before they got anything like it. They demanded that their voting should be secret, because at present it was known how a man voted, and if he voted in opposition to the views of his landlord or employer, he was liable to dismissal. This vote by ballot, or secret voting, was made law in 1872. In addition to this, they demanded the payment of members, so that poor men could sit in the House. This was not accomplished at the death of Queen Victoria.

As the years passed on, the ranks of the Chartists swelled. They included men of all sorts and conditions: there were able men throwing in their lot with idlers who never did a day's work in their lives; there were crazy fanatics and wild enthusiasts—all agreed in a supreme distrust of the middle classes, who were growing rich on the work of the underpaid toilers. Meetings were held by torchlight in secret, and plans made for resort to physical force.

In 1839, Birmingham was the scene of open rebellion, windows were smashed, street lamps broken, houses were burnt, warehouses pillaged. But a more serious riot occurred at Newport, where one of the Chartist leaders had been imprisoned. A number of stalwart Welsh miners arranged to march into Newport two hours after midnight, attack

the jail, and release their leader. Armed with swords, pickaxes, and bludgeons they marched away, some ten thousand strong, and entered the town five abreast.

But the news of their movements had leaked out, and the mayor stood ready to receive them in the market-place with soldiers and special constables. A riot ensued; the Chartists came off badly, and their leaders were tried for high treason.

Still the discontent grew, and the Chartist agitation continued. At last they carried a monster petition signed by 3,000,000 people to the House of Commons. Too large to pass through the folding doors of the House, it was necessary to unroll it and lay it on the floor. It demanded that the charter should be passed "immediately and without alteration, deduction, or addition". This was impossible, and for the next few years more important events eclipsed the Chartist movement, till in 1848 it burst forth once more.

The old charter was revived, and with the addition of some 5,000,000 signatures, the petition was presented to the House by an Irishman, Fergus O'Connor, on April 10, 1848. The Chartists, some 200,000 strong, were to meet at Kennington, cross the River Thames by three bridges, and march in great force to the House of Commons.

But their plans became known, and Londoners prepared quietly for their reception. The Duke of Wellington, then Commander-in-Chief, posted troops to command the approaches to the House of Commons. A huge number of special police stood shoulder to

shoulder along the streets of London; they were mostly private citizens, united in a common cause. Peers of the realm stood by shopkeepers, the manufacturer beside his workmen, the merchant among his clerks, resolved that the lawful government should not be driven by physical force.

A series of accidents befell the Chartists: their leaders became alarmed, numbers never turned up at all, and the procession, that was to overawe London, never started. Finally, the famous petition was carried to the House in five cabs, and quietly presented. But it turned out to be a fraud. Only 2,000,000 names had been genuine. Many people had merely amused themselves by signing famous names, such as those of the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Duke of Wellington.

Chartism had failed; but the movement drew attention to many undoubted grievances of the working classes, and caused thoughtful people to devote serious study to new problems.

Chapter VIII

Ireland and the Famine

If the condition of the English labourer was bad, that of the Irishman was worse. The poverty and discontent in the sister island across the Irish Channel were indeed grievous. Statesmen tried in vain to

remedy evils which had been growing with the passing centuries, and were "the legacy of an unhappy past". The ignorance of the British people was responsible for some of the trouble; they seemed unable to understand the desire of many Irishmen for the recognition of their strong feeling for nationality.

Daniel O'Connell.

The leader of these "Nationalists", as they were called later, was, in 1838, a lawyer named Daniel O'Connell, who may be called the first Home Ruler. A few words will make clear the crisis.

Until the year 1800, Ireland had her own Parliament, sitting in Dublin. It was composed entirely of Protestants; no Roman Catholic was allowed to sit in it. For the past hundred years, Scottish members had sat in Parliament at Westminster with English members. At the end of the last century an Act of Union was passed by which the Irish members should likewise sit at Westminster, where all the affairs of the United Kingdom could be settled.

On January 1, 1801, the Act came into force. The new Union flag with the harp of Ireland quartered in one corner flew over Dublin Castle, guns fired their

salute, bells clanged merrily from church and steeple. But these were outward symbols, and did not represent the real feelings of the Irish people. In the ears of Daniel O'Connell the bells sounded harshly.

He vowed he would never rest till a law was passed allowing Roman Catholics to sit in the British Parliament. Then he might gain a seat and lift up his voice to secure Home Rule for Ireland, or, as it was called in those days, the Repeal of the Union.

The Bill for Catholic Emancipation was not passed till 1829, and the following year found Daniel O'Connell representing Ireland in the Parliament at Westminster. From this time forward he flung aside his profession, and devoted himself to political agitation: "I embraced the cause of my country, and, come weal or woe, I have made a choice which I shall never repent."

O'Connell was fifty-five when he first entered the House of Commons, which had been the ambition of his life. He had set himself a colossal task at which he worked with colossal zeal. He soon made his power felt as an orator. He was a thorough Celt, passionate and impulsive, with a voice unrivalled for sweetness and strength.

Throughout the early years of Queen Victoria's reign, he addressed numerous meetings in Ireland. At last he gathered up his huge strength for the final plunge.

"The year 1843 is and shall be the great Repeal year," he said. "My struggle has begun, and I will end it only in death or repeal."

As the summer wore on, he summoned a monster meeting to the Hill of Tara, the coronation place of the old Irish kings. His call was answered by thousands of devoted Irish, and great was the enthusiasm when, attended by 10,000 horsemen, the hero arrived. At the end of the meeting, O'Connell was crowned king, with the Irish national cap.

The Hill of Tara.

It was the last great meeting. An order came over from England forbidding any more such to be held, and O'Connell refused to resort to force, which was the only alternative. Further, he was charged with conspiracy and sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

When he came out of prison in the following year, Ireland was in deep distress, owing to the failure of the potato crop, on which the people depended for their food. There was no more thought of repealing the Union now. In the heat of political agitation men had overlooked the social evils growing up in their midst.

"Ireland is in your hands," cried O'Connell to

the House of Commons. "If you do not save her, she cannot save herself."

For himself, he could do nothing; his day was done. He was an old man, and his spirit was broken. The voice that had once thrilled thousands was sunk to a whisper, his head was bowed, his eye was dim. And so he passes from our history to die.

But if the first signs of potato disease had appeared in 1845, far more complete was the destruction of the crop the following year. The fatal blight swept over the land one summer night. Morning found a blackened mass of decay, where but recently whole fields and patches of potato plants had shown promise. Wretched men were seen sitting on the fences of their decaying gardens, wringing their hands and wailing bitterly at the plague, which had left them absolutely without food.

Whole generations of Irish in the south and west of Ireland had grown up, married, and died, without knowing the taste of meat. Disraeli said, in 1844, that the Irish were the "worst fed and the worst clothed of any in Europe. They live in mud cabins littered with straw; their food consists of only dry potatoes."

It was on such a poverty-stricken race that famine now strode pitilessly—such a famine as had not been known in the British Isles since the fifteenth century. In some parts of the country one-tenth of the population died before help could be obtained.

Men were seen wandering about, searching for stray turnips, watercress—anything to stay their

terrible hunger. Whole families perished: women and children just lay down in their cabins and died of sheer starvation. All the sheep had been killed, all the poultry, all the pigs: the very dogs had been slain to feed the hungry multitudes.

An Irish Cabin.

Not only Britain, but all Europe and America heard the cry of the famished Irish. Large sums of money were sent from the British treasury, stores of Indian corn were shipped into the country, relief works were set on foot, and "famine roads" may be seen all over the country to-day. British gold was poured into the land, and for a time 3,000,000 people were fed daily.

"It was the grandest attempt ever made to grapple with famine over a whole country, to which neither ancient nor modern history can furnish a parallel."

Still, the deaths sometimes numbered 100 a day, and when the days grew brighter and the famine ceased, it was found that out of a population of 10,000,000, only 8,000,000 were left.

Thousands emigrated to America, where they made fresh homes in that land of plenty, and the wholesale exodus which began at this time has thinned the Irish at home till to-day there are but half the number there were at the accession of the Queen.

Chapter IX

Free Trade

Few movements in our modern history have been more hotly discussed than that of Free Trade. When Queen Victoria came to the throne some twelve hundred articles coming into Britain were taxed more or less heavily. By this means, Britain, like every other nation, protected her commerce from foreign competition. This encouraged British people to buy British goods in preference to foreign goods, and British farmers to grow corn. It enabled farmers and manufacturers to obtain higher prices for their

goods than they could have done if foreign goods had not been taxed.

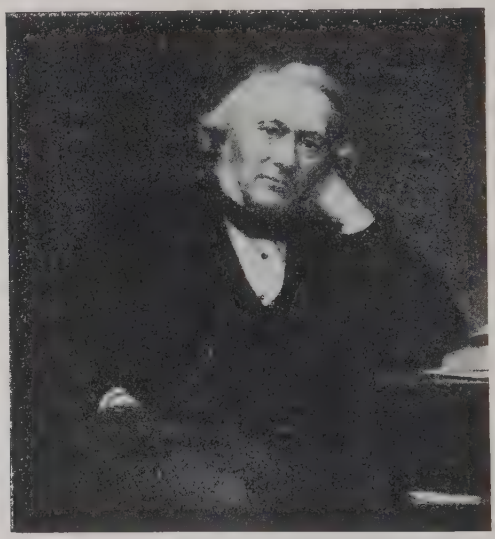
But the population of the British Isles was growing rapidly in the great manufacturing districts of the north. Up to this time it had been possible to grow enough corn in Britain to supply the wants of all our people, but now there were many extra mouths to feed, and there was not enough bread for all.

It was in the fast-growing city of Manchester, where men fought for bread, where women sold their wedding-rings to get food for the starving children, that the idea of repealing the Corn Laws, and allowing foreign corn to enter this country untaxed, was forced upon a little band of thinking men.

Foremost among those Lancashire men who wished for the repeal of the Corn Laws were two whose names will ever stand out in our country's history—Richard Cobden and John Bright. There is nothing more attractive in the whole history of Victoria's reign than the close bond of brotherhood which existed between these two apostles of Free Trade.

Having convinced themselves that nothing else would bring prosperity to their country, they set to work, never sparing themselves, never resting, till their object was attained. The two men worked together in perfect harmony. They were both eager to lift the whole question above the strife of party.

But Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, who had succeeded Lord Melbourne, was pledged to Protection—that is, to keep some tax on foreign corn—and he was slow in coming round to the new idea



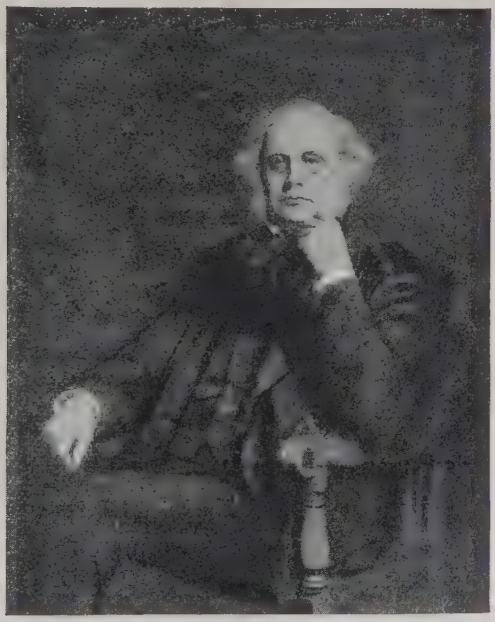
Richard Cobden.

of Free Trade, lest the farmers of Britain should be ruined.

Cobden and Bright went about the country speaking to vast masses of people, explaining the idea of Free Trade. Though they were opposed by the large landowners and farmers, the agitation grew with amazing vigour.

When, in 1845, the Irish potato crop partially

failed, a great cry rang through the land for free corn. It was echoed in England by the Anti-Corn Law League, and Cobden and Bright renewed their efforts to convince the people of the real necessity



John Bright.

of taking this step. "Famine itself, against which we warred, had joined us," said Bright, long years later.

The months passed on and still a tax of 18*s.* a quarter lay on the importation of foreign corn, which supplied the people with bread. At last matters reached a crisis. The New Year of 1846

dawned, and with it came a rumour that the Prime Minister intended to repeal the Corn Laws. On January 22 the House met—the Queen opened it in person. The speech from the throne suggested a change. Then Sir Robert Peel announced his conversion. He was convinced that the time had come to abandon Protection; he felt that the Manchester school of Free Traders was right.

Benjamin Disraeli.

Peel the Protectionist had become Peel the Free Trader.

But there was one man listening to him who was not converted so easily, who did not agree with Cobden and Bright that Free Trade was the only remedy for the present discontent.

Young Benjamin Disraeli had sat in the House of Commons for the past ten years. Entering public life in 1832 as a Radical, he changed his opinions and became Tory member for Maidstone in 1837. His first speech, made in the year of the Queen's accession, had been received with laughter and contempt, but as he sat down he had shouted these prophetic words: "Aye, sir, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me." His dramatic manner,

his wild gestures, his exaggerated dress, all helped to make him ridiculous. He had a long, pale face and black eyes, his coal-black hair fell in bunches of "well-oiled ringlets over his left cheek". His favourite dress consisted of a bottle-green frock-coat and waistcoat, a black tie with no collar, and large fancy trousers. Such a grotesque figure could not command respect, and so far his political career had failed.

Now his time had come, and he showed the "genius of the born leader by stepping forth at the critical moment and giving the word of command"

From this time, when he upheld the principles of Protection against Free Trade, he made great strides to fame. He urged that to abolish the taxes on corn must ruin agriculture. He acknowledged the possibility of temporary triumph. "For a moment your ports may be filled with shipping, your factories smoke on every plain, your forges flame in every city. . . . But the dark and inevitable hour will arrive . . . there will be an awakening of bitterness."

But, notwithstanding Disraeli's vehement protest, Free Trade won the day, and the summer of 1846 found the Corn Laws repealed.

It was followed by the repeal of many other duties, until at the death of the Queen, only twenty articles out of twelve hundred were taxed, and they were for the most part luxuries, such as wine, spirits, tobacco, &c.

The result was that goods of all kinds became much cheaper in this country than they had been

before. Large quantities of corn were imported, and the price of bread fell. American cotton, Australian wool, and other raw materials were cheapened, and our manufacturers were able to produce much larger quantities of finished goods at lower prices. More ships were needed to bring the raw materials from abroad, and to carry back manufactured goods. Our foreign trade was enormously increased, and Great Britain became the most prosperous manufacturing country in the world.

The advocates of Free Trade made no doubt that if Britain once opened her doors to foreign goods free of tax, other nations would immediately follow, and all would adopt Free Trade. This, however, was not the case ; many countries, indeed, increased their taxes, and their peoples began to complain of the higher prices they had to pay for everything, just as our own people had done in the days of Protection.

Chapter X

Emigrants in Australia and New Zealand

During these years the British colonies were growing rapidly in importance, as well as in size. At the Queen's accession vast tracts of country were yet unexplored, and only a handful of English lived in the scattered homesteads. Though the whole

The Three Sisters, Blue Mountains.

island-continent of Australia was twenty-five times the size of the British Isles, her white population in 1837 numbered only one-fourth of the people in the town of Sydney at the Queen's death.

The story of the early colonization of this far-off land is painful reading, for it was largely peopled by convicts and prisoners sent out from England.

The first party of settlers, after a terrible voyage of eight months from England, had landed at Port Jackson in 1788, where their eyes were gladdened by the sight of a magnificent harbour, now the pride of the citizens of Sydney. By the time of the Queen's accession, Sydney was a well-planned town with paved streets and fair-sized houses, a church and a hospital. It became the centre of that eastern part known as New South Wales.

Englishmen of daring and high courage made their way across the continent, ever opening up new fields for enterprise. The famous Blue Mountains had been crossed by three intrepid explorers, and a road had been skilfully constructed to the rich plains beyond, where a little settlement called Bathurst had been made. So rapid was the growth of New South Wales that in 1843 the people begged the mother country to grant them a constitution of their own. A Governor was sent from England, and a Legislative Council was formed to represent the wishes of the colonists.

Already a small band of emigrants had landed on the coast of West Australia, at the mouth of the Swan River, which was so called from the number of black swans that swam about on its surface.

Under Captain Fremantle this little colony started life. But the port which they named after their leader was exposed to the storms of the open ocean, and the colonists were driven farther up the river, where they began to build the now flourishing town of Perth.

But the colony grew slowly, for the distances were vast and the district was entirely cut off from the rest of the island continent. Indeed, at one time the prospects seemed so gloomy that there was a serious idea of abandoning it altogether, but in course of time, by the aid of convict labour, roads were made, and a settlement formed at Albany, at the head of St. George's Sound.

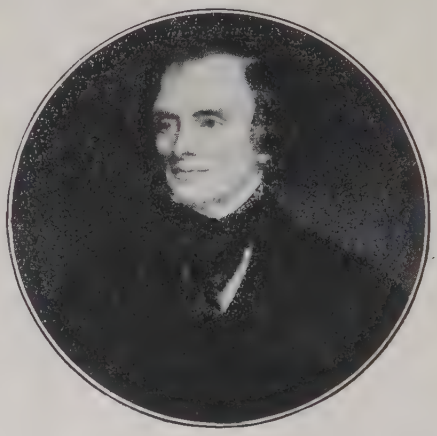
An Australian Aborigine.

Australian settlers were almost entirely occupied in sheep farming, and it was by exporting wool that the colonies throve at this time.

By the year 1848 there were six colonies in Australia —New South Wales, including Victoria and Queensland, Western Australia, Tasmania (Van Diemen's Land), and South Australia. Colonists in the new districts now began to demand a constitution, similar

to that granted already to New South Wales, and after a time a Legislative Council was allowed to each colony, with power to impose and levy duties or customs on imported goods, wares, or merchandise.

Fortunately for Britain, the Prime Minister at this time, Lord John Russell, was one of the few statesmen who saw the value of the colonies, and the importance of giving them self-government, while still maintaining the Imperial connexion.



Lord John Russell.

"I consider it our bounden duty", he said, "to maintain the colonies, which have been placed under our own charge. The value of our commerce, which penetrates to every part of the globe, all will admit; and many of those colonies give harbours and security to that trade which are most useful in time of war. If our colonies were abandoned by England they would most naturally and justly apply to some other country for protection. Who can doubt that other countries would readily afford the protection so asked?"

These words applied as much to New Zealand as to Australia. These islands, some thousand miles to the south-east of Australia, already had a constitution of their own. When Queen Victoria came to the throne there were some 500 Europeans on the coast, living wild and lawless lives, which even the missionaries were unable to control. Such terrible accounts reached England that a New Zealand Company was formed, and Captain Hobson with a party of colonists sailed out to proclaim the country henceforth a part of the British Empire.

In 1840 a famous gathering took place on the shore of the Bay of Islands, near the mouth of the river Waitangi. The new Governor, who was to be under the Governor of New South Wales, sat on a chair of state, his officers in uniform, the missionaries, sailors, and leading white men standing around. The Maoris had gathered in force to hear the proclamation, which they hoped would bring peace to their land. By this Treaty of Waitangi they were called on to acknowledge Victoria as their sovereign Queen, who promised protection and just dealings with her white subjects in New Zealand. The treaty was signed by 500 native chiefs, and New Zealand was declared to be part of the Empire.

A site for the capital was found at Auckland, emigrants flocked over from Sydney and many hundreds went out from Britain. Many of these started a settlement at Port Nicholson, which they named Wellington, after the famous Iron Duke. They worked with a will at their new homes, for the

soil was rich and deep, the scenery was beautiful, and they had visions of peace and plenty.

The native Maoris were willing to sell large tracts of land, and before long some 4,000 people were happily settled at Wellington, and a new settlement on the South Island, called Nelson. So far the Maoris had been friendly, but soon disputes arose over the land, a spirit of unrest grew among both settlers and natives, and the first Maori war definitely broke out in 1845. Help was sent over by the British colonists at Sydney, and after several skirmishes the Maoris were attacked in their stronghold, and defeated by the settlers with considerable loss.

Maori Chiefs.

It was a happy day for the disturbed colonists in New Zealand when a young English officer, George Grey, arrived from South Australia, where he had been Governor, to take over the government. Everything was in confusion. There were still open quarrels

over the land between colonists and natives. The new Governor assured the Maoris that for the future their land should only be bought at a fair price, and not as heretofore, for a few fire-arms. And soon the war came to a successful end, and just terms of peace were concluded.

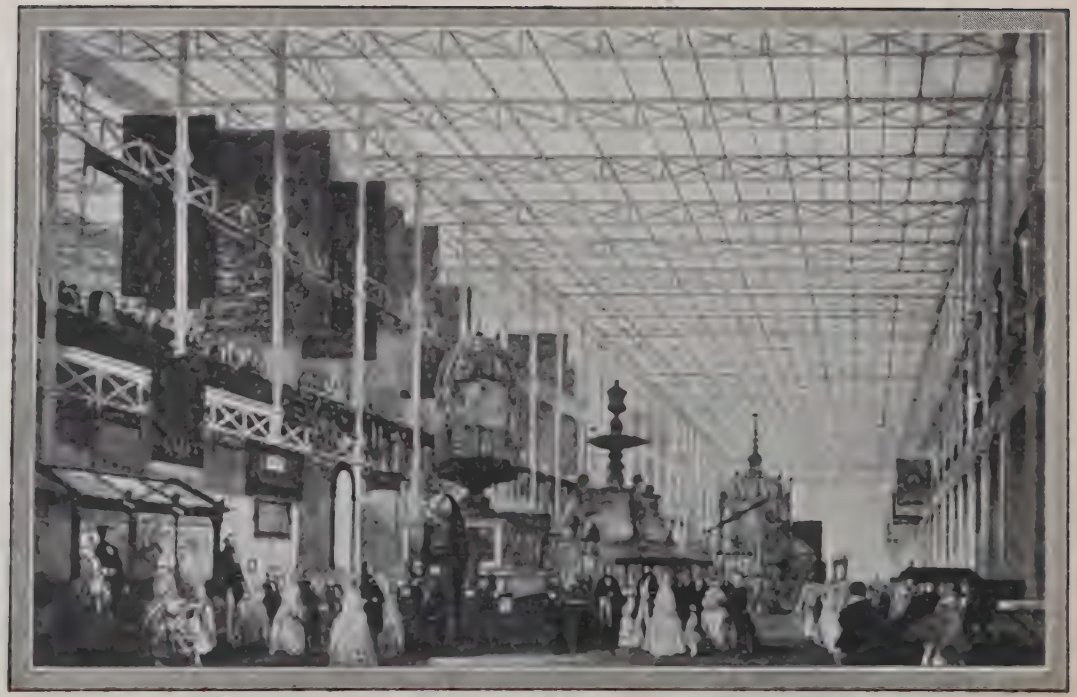
All felt the hand of a strong ruler. For the first time the colony felt the blessing of peace; churches and schools arose in the towns; agriculture was encouraged, and settlers went out from Britain in ever-increasing numbers.

Chapter XI

The Great Exhibition

A GREAT chance for the people at home to see what the colonies could produce came in 1851, when the Great Exhibition of foreign and colonial produce was held.

As the summer of 1851 drew on, all eyes were turned towards Hyde Park, London, where, for some months past, a huge glass palace had been in course of erection. The idea of displaying here all the industries of the whole world had occurred to the Queen's husband, the Prince Consort, who had announced his scheme to the people of Britain in these words: "Gentlemen, the Exhibition of 1851 is to give the world a true test and a living picture



The Great Exhibition, 1851

of the point of industrial development at which the whole of mankind has arrived in this great task, and a new starting-point from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions."

Indeed, it was the first attempt ever made to collect men from every country in Europe, America, Africa, and Australia, in a common bond of interest and sympathy. But the Prince himself had yet larger ideas behind all this. He wanted to see a world at peace. He thought that, after men of all nations and creeds had met on a friendly footing, they would never wish to meet again in the fierce rivalry of war. But this was not to be. The great Peace Festival was a grand success, as far as it went ; but in less than three years Russians, Turks, British, and French were all at war in the Crimea.

The organization of the Exhibition was a vast undertaking. The idea of building with glass and iron instead of brick originated with the Duke of Devonshire's gardener, Joseph Paxton, to whom the erection was entrusted. When finished, it looked something like a cathedral ; it was four times the length of St. Paul's, and twice the width, covering eighteen acres of Hyde Park. It was begun in September 1850, and finished by January 1, 1851.

After four months of hard work arranging the exhibits, the Exhibition was opened by Queen Victoria in person, with the Prince Consort and their two eldest children, the Princess Royal, afterwards German Empress, and the Prince of Wales, afterwards King of England. Perhaps the Queen's

The Prince Consort.

own words best describe the scene on the opening day.

"The great event has taken place," she says, "a complete and beautiful triumph—a glorious and touching sight, one which I shall ever be proud of for my beloved Albert and my country. Hyde Park was one densely-crowded mass of human beings, in the highest good-humour and most enthusiastic. A little rain fell just as we started; but before we came near the Crystal Palace the sun shone and gleamed upon the gigantic edifice, upon which the flags of all nations were floating.

"We drove up Rotten Row and got out at the entrance on that side. The glimpse of the transept through the iron gate, of the waving palms, flowers, statues, myriads of people filling the galleries and seats all round, and the flourish of trumpets as we entered, gave us a sensation which I can never forget, and I felt much moved. . . . The sight, as we came to the middle, where the steps and chair were placed, with the beautiful crystal fountain just in front of it, was magical—so vast, so glorious, so touching. . . .

"The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed in every face, the immensity of the building, the mixture of the palms, flowers, trees, statues, fountains, the organ (with 200 instruments and 600 voices), and my beloved husband the author of this 'Peace Festival', which united the industry of all nations of the earth—all this was moving indeed; it was and is a day to live for ever."

The Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) at the age of seven.

During the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus, a Chinese, with a pigtail of fabulous length, touched by the solemn scene, made his way slowly round the great fountain to the Queen, and made her a deep bow. Then a procession was formed, in which the old Duke of Wellington (it was his eighty-second birthday) joined, and the royal party walked from end to end of the Exhibition, amid continued cheering and waving of handkerchiefs. Every language was heard amid this vast concourse. Frenchmen shouted, "Vive la reine", and Germans saluted Britain's Queen. Amid the turbaned and sallow-faced Indians might be seen the British workman in round fustian jacket and glazed cap of those early days.

The Duke of Wellington.

What did all these thousands of people look at as they wandered up and down the spacious aisles? The west half of the long building was occupied by products of Great Britain and her "dependencies", arranged in thirty classes, each marked by a red banner; the eastern half was given up to foreign countries. Out of the 15,000 exhibits, one half were

British. Right down the centre were fountains, marble statues, models of bridges, lighthouses, and other interesting objects.

In the centre of all stood the marvellous crystal glass fountain mentioned by the Queen. This represented the equator of the world, and round it were grouped the products of India, China, Tunis, Turkey, Persia, Egypt, and Arabia. An endless scene of beauty and interest met the bewildered spectator. There were articles of untold wealth to be seen: there were golden embroideries from the gorgeous East, glittering jewels, pure white marble sculpture, rich carpets, and many-coloured silks; there were specimens of native work from far-off lands, wheat and grain, implements of agriculture, carriages, manufactured articles—indeed, there was something to suit every taste.

The Exhibition remained open for six months. When all was over, the great house of glass was removed to Sydenham, where we know it to-day under the name of the Crystal Palace.

The example thus set has been followed again and again, not only in London, but in every other great city in the world.

Chapter XII

War in the Crimea

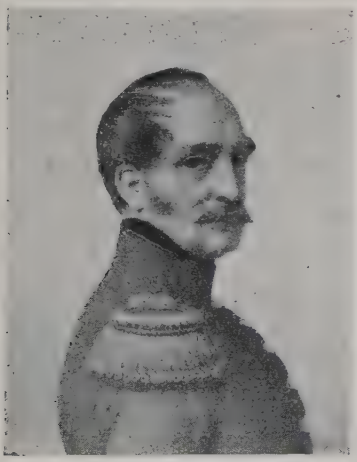
For forty years Britain had been at peace, and the children whose fathers had fought at Waterloo were growing up in the belief that war was a thing of the past. Such had been the hope of the Prince Consort at the Great Exhibition. But in 1854 trouble arose in the East.

Russia had been growing very powerful under the Tsar Nicholas, who regarded his neighbour, Turkey, with a jealous eye, and wanted Constantinople for his own. The ill-treatment of Christians by the Turks provided an excuse for going to war. One day in the autumn of 1853 the great Russian fleet sailed from the strongly fortified harbour of Sebastopol in the Crimea, and destroyed the Turkish fleet at Sinope, killing 400 Turks, and wounding 4,000, while Sinope itself was knocked to pieces by the Russian guns. When the tidings of this butchery reached Europe, a cry of wrath and vengeance arose.

Turkey was weak; a "sick man—a very sick man", the Tsar Nicholas had called him; there seemed little doubt that Russia would overwhelm the sick man. The other nations of Europe saw danger in the prospect, and in February 1854 news reached the Tsar that Britain and France intended to help Turkey.

Constantinople.

But after the long peace of forty years, Britain was totally unprepared for war. The arts of industry had flourished, and enthusiasm for military glory had cooled. True, the old Duke of Wellington had never ceased to impress on his country the danger of being thus unready for war, but Britain would not listen to the old soldier, though events in the Crimea were so soon to prove that he was right.



The Tsar, Nicholas I.

When war was declared there was not a single transport ship in the service. Since the days of Waterloo steam had been gradually superseding sail, but steam navigation was very expensive, so most of the transport to the Crimea was done by means of sailing vessels.

The Crimea, so well known to us to-day, was at this time merely a name. It was a Russian province, jutting out into the Black Sea, and contained the strong fortress of Sebastopol—a second Gibraltar, where all the military stores were collected, and where Russian ships lay at anchor under the protection of the great guns in the fort.

Thither in February 1854 both British and French sailed (for the old enemies were now allies), but it

was September before they actually landed on Russian soil. The troops disembarked in a hurricane of wind and rain, thirty miles to the north of Sebastopol. The first night in the Crimea was but typical of the misery that was to follow. Drenched to the skin, officers and men huddled round the camp fires with no shelter from the pitiless storm.

Lord Raglan.

On September 19 the allies were ready to advance. British and French together formed a formidable body. Picturesque they must also have been, with the red caps of the Turks in their midst. But they were not to arrive at Sebastopol without fighting. On September 20 they reached the river Alma, to find that the Russians had already taken up a strong position, and were in great force upon the hills that surmounted the opposite bank. To reach the fort the allies had to cross the river; to cross the Alma they must fight the whole Russian army in position. Heavy guns commanded the highest points, masses of infantry covered the plateau beyond. The Russian commander thought the position was unassailable,

and he allowed the allies to approach the river, which he thought would be their grave. But he was wrong. The river was crossed under deadly fire, and the opposite heights were climbed with magnificent courage and stubborn perseverance by British, French, and Turks.

Lord Cardigan.

At last the Russians fled, and the allies stood victorious on the heights.

The allies now marched on to Balaklava, to the south of Sebastopol, where early on the morning of October 25 they were attacked by the Russians. "Never did a day do more credit to British courage"; it will ever be memorable in British history for the famous charge of the Light Brigade, when, owing to a fatal mistake, 600 men charged the Russian army in position.

"It was yet early on the morning of October 25. Fleecy clouds hung about the low mountain tops, the blue patch of sea beyond Balaklava shone in the morning sun, while flashes gleamed from the masses of armed men in the plains. At half-past ten, like a grey cloud, the Russian cavalry galloped to the brow of the hill that cut the plain in two. In all

their pride and glory, they swept along the heights, while the British waited breathlessly below.

"Lord Raglan, the commander-in-chief, stood on a hill overlooking the plain. The battle had already begun, when he sent down a young officer, named Nolan, with a message that the cavalry must attack at once. The order was given to Lord Cardigan, who commanded the Light Brigade. It was vaguely worded. Nolan had merely pointed to a line of Russians on the heights: There, my lord, are the Russians; there are your guns."

But never had such a thing been asked of soldiers before. Lord Cardigan knew there must be a blunder somewhere, but the discipline of the army forbade him to question.

"The brigade will advance," he said, as he cast his eye over his splendid body of cavalry, so soon to perish. The men were startled by the order, but it was

> "Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die."

They settled down in their saddles, and soon they were riding hard "into the Valley of Death". They were mown down by a cross-fire from the enemy; men and horses fell thick, but the brigade never checked speed, never faltered.

With flashing steel above their heads and a British cheer that wrung the hearts of those who watched, they rode down that mile of valley to within eight yards of the Russian battery. Right under the

Military Uniforms, 1850–60 : 1, Lancers ; 2, Household Cavalry ; 3, Light Dragoons ; 4, Foot Guards ; 5, Infantry of the Line ; 6, Highlanders ; 7, Hussars.

Russian guns they passed, cutting down the gunners as they stood.

Some twenty minutes later, through dense clouds of smoke, the few survivors made their way back across the plain. Over 600 had ridden forth in all their manhood's pride, under 200 of them returned.

Lord Raglan owned with pride, when the battle was won, that this incident in it was the finest thing ever attempted. Of world-wide fame are the words which fell from the lips of a French general who watched the charge: "It is magnificent, but it is not war."

Chapter XIII

The Fall of Sebastopol

The battle of Balaklava had been fought and won. The siege of Sebastopol was yet going on, and the Russians were receiving constant reinforcements. Two of the Tsar's own sons had joined the forces, expecting soon to overthrow the enemy. A determined attack was now made by the Russians on the allies in trenches.

It was Sunday morning, November 5. A thick fog lay over the country, wrapping the valleys in heavy darkness. Under cover of this, masses of grey-coated Russians crept unnoticed out of Sebastopol and attacked the allies on the plains of Inkermann. For a while the battle raged almost in the dark, and

through the drizzling rain great confusion prevailed. No command was possible. The battle of Inkermann was just a hand-to-hand struggle, and has been called the " soldiers' battle ". Men of all ranks distinguished themselves, and after many hours of fierce fighting, the Russians were obliged to retreat. The battle was won, but at fearful cost. Of the 14,000 men who had been engaged on the side of the allies, 4,000 lay dead on the field, while a yet greater number of Russians had perished. No further fighting on either side was possible now for a time, and the terrible winter in the desolate Crimea had to be faced by the allies.

Nine days later their sufferings began with a fearful storm of wind and rain. The hurricane tempest of November 14 is memorable for its wholesale destruction of life. Early in the morning a fierce wind arose, with heavy squalls of pelting rain. In a few minutes every tent was torn from its pegs and blown away, the wooden huts in which lay the sick and wounded from Inkermann collapsed, and heavy snowstorms added to the desolation of the scene.

Outside the port of Balaklava, ship after ship went down, and among others was one filled with warm clothing for the soldiers. The battle of Inkermann of November 5 had proved that the army of the allies must pass the winter in the barren Crimea; the storm of the 14th showed that they must face that winter without adequate supplies. Blankets, boots, rugs, socks, biscuits, rum, rice, meat, coffee—all were lost in the sunken ship.

So the hard Crimean winter set in, and the sufferings of the men in the trenches around Sebastopol were intensified by the appearance of cholera in their midst. Their hands and feet were often frost-bitten by the cold, their clothes were in rags, and the food was insufficient. It was little wonder that they died by thousands.

Miss Florence Nightingale.

On the eve of Inkermann a band of trained nurses, under Florence Nightingale, had made their way to Constantinople, and thence to Scutari, where the great Turkish barracks had been turned into a hospital for the sick. The condition of things when they arrived was indescribable. The orderlies, who were in charge of the sick, were well-meaning, but often quite ignorant and very rough. For the first time in history, women undertook the nursing, and the change was immense. Soon chaos gave way to order, dirt to cleanliness, ignorance to knowledge, misery to some degree of comfort.

True indeed were the words of the poet Longfellow as he pictured the "dreary hospitals of pain", the "glimmering gloom", and the English lady, with her lamp, softly passing from bed to bed, while the "speechless sufferer" turned to kiss her shadow as it fell on the darkened walls.

The agony of that time has become a matter of history, and no war since the Crimea has been without its Red Cross band of trained nurses.

The siege of Sebastopol dragged heavily on. Peace negotiations had failed, the Tsar Nicholas had died —men said of a broken heart—but his son carried on the war with undiminished zeal.

Three months later—it was the anniversary of Waterloo—the allies made a combined attack on the two strong forts of Sebastopol, the Malakoff and the Redan. But the whole affair was mismanaged; there was splendid energy and terrible loss of life, but the assault failed.

Lord Raglan was now an old man, and this defeat crushed him; he became an easy prey to cholera, and died ten days later. Things within Sebastopol were fast going from bad to worse. The constant bombardment of the allies was telling; over 200 Russians perished daily from one cause or another. Even Todleben, the famous commander of the Russian troops, was renouncing hope.

On September 5 the allies were ready for another assault on the Malakoff and Redan. It was arranged that the French troops should storm the former, and when the flag of the French empire floated from the

parapets, then the British should advance on the Redan.

But the Redan once more proved too strong, and evening found many a brave life laid down in an unsuccessful attempt. The British were determined to renew the attack on the morrow. But on the morrow there was no Redan to attack. That night the Russians blew up their magazines, beginning with the Redan. Then they sank their remaining ships in the harbour and set fire to the city, after which, by means of a floating bridge, they beat a sad retreat.

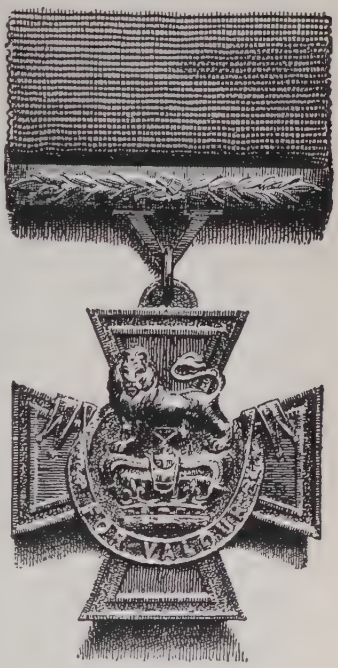
"It is not Sebastopol we have left to them, but the burning ruins of the town, to which we ourselves have set fire," they said, "having maintained the honour of the defence in such a manner that our great-grandchildren may recall with pride the remembrance of it and send it on to all posterity."

It was true. Sebastopol had fallen at last, after its 349 days of siege, but not into the hands of the allies. It had simply ceased to exist.

Peace was now possible. Glad indeed were officers and men to return home after their triumphs and their sufferings. No fewer than 22,000 had perished in the Crimea.

Many had been the individual acts of heroism, to reward which the Queen instituted the medal known as the Victoria Cross. This decoration is in the form of a Maltese cross, wrought in gun-metal, with the royal crest in the middle, and beneath it the words "For Valour". On the back

is inscribed the date of the act of heroism. The Victoria Cross carries with it a small pension of £10 a year. It has been said that this cross links all men together: "It stands as a symbol of the highest that man as man can attain, it places the hearts and the generous impulses of all men on a common level, and the words 'For Valour' are as dear to the noble duke as to the humblest private."



The Victoria Cross.

The Queen herself fastened the decoration on to the coats of sixty-two Crimean heroes who had earned it well, while the enthusiastic cheering of the thousands who had assembled in Hyde Park for the occasion, testified to the high approval of Britain's sons and daughters.

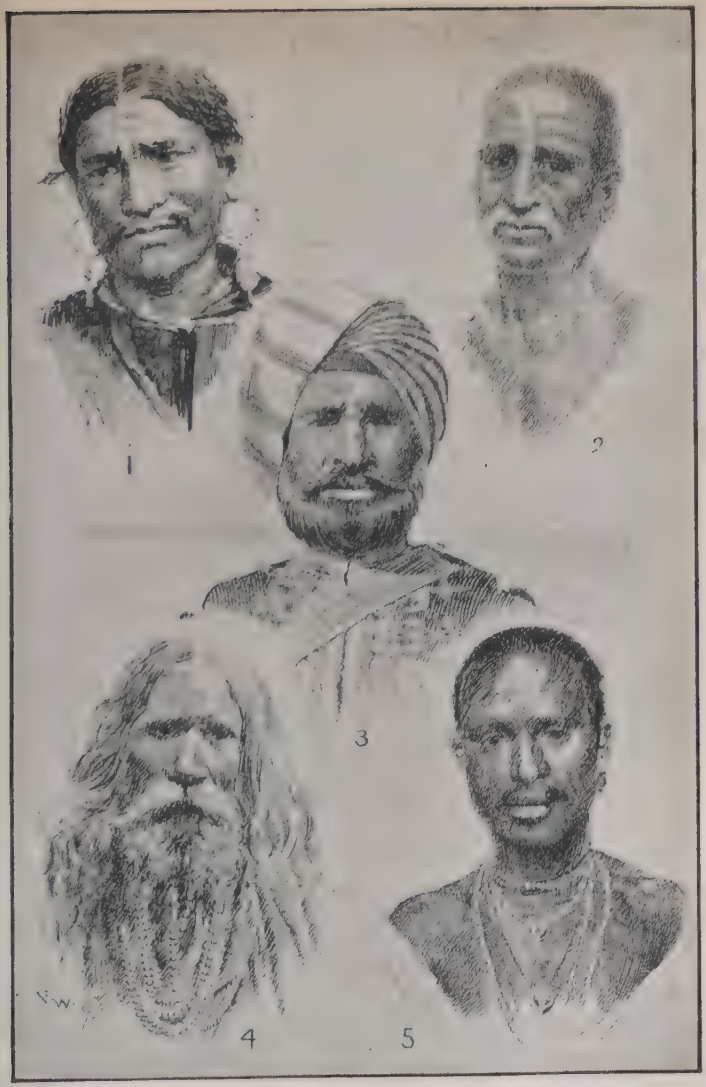
Chapter XIV

The Indian Mutiny

While the Queen was presenting the Victoria Cross on that summer day of 1857 to those of her brave soldiers who had distinguished themselves in the Crimea, alarming news reached England of a native revolt in another part of her dominions, a revolt known in history as the Indian Mutiny.

The Marquis of Dalhousie.

Discontent had long been simmering throughout India. Lord Dalhousie, one of the most famous governor-generals India has ever seen, had brought province after province under British rule. He had added Satara in 1848, the first year of his governorship, and the Punjab in the following year. Later, the Rajah of Nagpur died without heirs, and that principality was likewise added to the British dominions, being known to-day as the Central Provinces. After this the kingdom of Oudh was annexed —a country as large as Belgium and Holland—until Lord Dalhousie had increased Britain's possessions in India by more than a third. A colossal worker,



Indian Types. (1) a Lepha, N. India; (2) a Brahman; (3) a Maharajah; (4) a Fakir; (5) a Southern Assamese.

he sought to bind together the scattered parts by telegraph and railway. He also made the largest of Indian canals, carried the Grand Trunk road through the Punjab, and only returned home to die when his physical strength failed to bear the burden of office longer.

At this time every one at home and in India believed in the loyalty of the native soldiers, or Sepoys, as they were called. When the mutiny broke out, there were just five times as many Sepoys as British soldiers in India.

Brown Bess.

For some time there had been a growing feeling among the natives that the old state of things was passing away; they thought that the British wanted to destroy their customs and religions, and they dwelt on the native prophecy which said that a hundred years after Plassey British rule in India should cease.

Another incident at this time shook their faith in their rulers. Up to this time the Sepoys had been armed with a musket popularly known as "Brown Bess". In 1857 an improved rifle, known as the Enfield, was substituted. It was rumoured that the new rifle required greased cartridges, and that they were greased with hog's lard, forbidden to Mohammedans.

A panic of religious fear ran from regiment to regiment, from village to village.

Early in May some cartridges were served out to a native regiment at Meerut, near Delhi. They were refused by 85 Sepoys, who were tried, disarmed, publicly paraded, and marched in chains to the local prison, which was guarded by native officials.

The following day was Sunday. The weather was fiercely hot, but, as evening wore on, the little British community made ready for church. They little thought that the church bells were to mark the beginning of the great Indian Mutiny. It was the arranged signal for the Sepoys to revolt.

They burst open the jail, released the 85 prisoners, and then proceeded to fire on their officers. Some 30 British against 2,000 angry mutineers had little chance, and soon the dusky natives were marching forth in full battle array for Delhi, 38 miles distant.

Delhi, one of the oldest and stateliest towns in the newly acquired Punjab, on the sacred Jumna, was surrounded by a wall pierced by seven gates, about a mile distant one from another. At one end stood the Imperial Palace, where lived the last King of Delhi—the descendant of the Great Mogul. The mutineers arrived early on the morning of May 11, shouting defiantly, and slaying any British whom they met.

Delhi was entirely held by Sepoys, officered by Englishmen. These Englishmen, with their wives and children, were now butchered without mercy, and the mutineers held the city of Delhi through

Delhi, 1853.

long months against a British army, until an attack planned by John Nicholson, succeeded.

Meanwhile the mutiny had broken out in other parts of Northern India. Cawnpore was an important station on the banks of the Ganges, some 270 miles from Delhi. It was held by Sepoys and a handful of British soldiers under Sir Hugh Wheeler, an old man of seventy-five.

In June, a revolt of the Sepoys took place under a powerful Hindu named Nana Sahib. He pretended to be on friendly terms with the British.

The little white population entrenched themselves as best they might behind low mud walls, and here for three dreary weeks a few Englishmen defended themselves, their wives and children, against the onslaught of the enemy.

The days passed heavily by, each with its deeds of heroism, its acts of self-sacrifice, its pitiful record of wasted life. In three weeks no fewer than 250 had died from hunger, thirst, and wounds. On June 23—the anniversary of Plassey—a determined assault was made by the enemy, but in vain. The following day found the little garrison in despair. "The British spirit alone remains," wrote the old general, "but it cannot last for ever." This was true, and when, on the twenty-first day, Nana Sahib offered a safe passage to Allahabad to those willing to surrender, the general felt obliged to accept for the sake of the women and children.

Slowly the feeble remnant of the besieged, "speechless and motionless as spectres," tottered from their

Cawnpore in 1857.

forlorn shelter, to make their way to the banks of the Ganges, for them "the Valley of the Shadow of Death". They had not reached the boats, when suddenly a bugle rang through the silent air, and from the banks of the river a murderous fire was poured into the hapless crowd. Sir Hugh Wheeler was among the first to perish. Happy were those whose sufferings were not prolonged.

Sir Henry Havelock.

Some 120 survivors were dragged back to Cawnpore, where a yet more terrible fate awaited them. They were crowded into a small building with two rooms, no bedding, and no furniture; the British ladies were made to grind corn for the traitor Nana, who had already murdered all the men, their husbands, brothers, and sons. Sickness and death thinned their ranks day by day. They did not know of the help even now approaching. General Havelock, a little iron-grey man, no longer young, with the "tiniest force that ever set forth to the task of saving an empire", was marching to the relief of Cawnpore. "If India is ever in danger," it had once

been said, "let Havelock be put in command of an army and it will be saved."

In July he began his march at the head of 15,000 men to save the garrison at Cawnpore. The ground over which he had to take his men was swampy with the first rains of summer, the skies were white with the glare of an Indian July sun, but "Havelock's Saints", as they were called, never wavered in their great task.

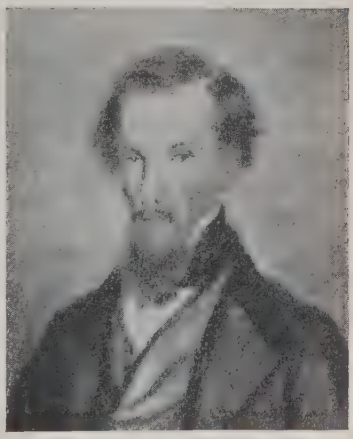
On July 17, after a march of 126 miles, Havelock reached the outskirts of Cawnpore. But he was too late. A terrible massacre of the women and children had just taken place by order of Nana Sahib, from which not one soul had escaped alive. All the bodies had been thrown into a well in the courtyard hard by. When Havelock and his men entered the rooms where their fellow countrywomen had been butchered so lately, the scene was both horrible and pitiful. The floor was strewn with relics: there were pinafores, little shoes and hats, the fly-leaf of a Bible, and some children's curls—all speaking of a time of anguish unspeakable.

To-day over the well at Cawnpore where the poor bodies were thrown stands a white marble angel with clasped hands and outspread wings—a memorial of those sufferings which are part of the price of empire.

Chapter XV

Lucknow and Delhi

But there was no rest for Havelock and his brave little force. A few days later found him crossing the now swollen Ganges for the 45 miles' "march of fire" to Lucknow, a march that was to take him nine weeks to accomplish.



Sir Henry Lawrence.

On May 20, 1857, Sir Henry Lawrence had arrived at Lucknow, the capital of the newly-acquired provinces of Oudh, as Chief Commissioner. Though barely fifty, he looked like an old man after years of toil under the Indian sun; his thin cheeks were deeply lined, and a long ragged beard added to his look of age. He was worn with deep anxiety, for he realized, as no other Indian official, how deep-seated was the discontent of the Sepoys. He foresaw a native rising of some sort, and prepared for it. Quietly and simply he cleared a space round the Residency for the defence of Europeans in the town, laid in large supplies of grain,

powder, and arms, and while others slept he visited the native town in disguise, to learn the true progress of events for himself.

The summer wore on. It was the last day of June when, about sunset, the Sepoys rose and swarmed angrily and defiantly into the town. Under a deadly fire the British withdrew to the Residency—some 900 Englishmen, with their wives and children—to be surrounded by 15,000 armed mutineers.

So dawned the first night of the famous siege of Lucknow, the story of which still thrills us, though more than fifty years have passed away. "My God, my God! and I have brought them to this," moaned the brave Commissioner, as he took up his quarters in an upper room, from which he could observe all that went on. The room was exposed to the shot of the enemy, and on the second day of the siege a shell crashed through the wall and burst—a sheet of flame lit the room, and Sir Henry Lawrence was fatally injured.

"Sir Henry, are you hurt?" cried a friend who was with him.

There was a moment's silence.

"I am killed," answered the wounded man, firmly.

He was right; the wound was fatal. He had but thirty-six hours to live. His one thought was how best to defend the Residency.

"Let every man die at his post—never make terms—God help the poor women and children!" he said, in broken snatches, as he lay dying. Then speaking to himself rather than to others, he mur-

Lucknow.

mured the now historic words: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty."

Lawrence had thought that the relieving army under Havelock might arrive in fifteen days, but when he died Havelock had not yet reached Cawn-

Lucknow: The Residency.

pore. Furious rains had swollen the Ganges, and his difficulties were great.

Meanwhile the state of the British defenders of the Residency grew worse and worse, but August wore on, September came, and still the flag was kept flying from the top of the building.

It was not till September 16 that Sir James Outram, with fresh troops, arrived at Cawnpore. He was

senior to Havelock, and in command of the relief expedition; but with unbounded chivalry—worthy of the olden days—he renounced the glory of relieving the besieged city to Havelock, who had struggled so hard with his tiny force for the past three months. It was one of the finest acts of self-sacrifice in Britain's history.

Sir Colin Campbell.

On September 25 the troops under Havelock and Outram fought their way to Lucknow. Joyfully they descried the tattered banner, riddled with shot, but still flying from the roof of the Residency. They were not too late to save the little garrison.

With renewed hope, headed by Havelock and Outram, the troops fought the great rebel host that had gathered around Lucknow, till at last they gained the narrow streets of the city, and in the dusk of that famous September evening they were greeted with a shout of joy, in which even the sick crawled from their beds to join.

On November 17 Sir Colin Campbell, with fresh troops, carried the place by storm, and withdrew the women and children safely, after their five months' siege.

Meanwhile, the siege of Delhi was growing desperate. For three weary months the besieging force of British stood their ground, but they were not strong enough to take the city till John Nicholson appeared upon the scene. He soon put fresh heart into the weary men, and made them enthusiastic once more with his own youthful courage.

General John Nicholson.

"If there is a desperate deed to be done in India, John Nicholson is the man to do it," men had said.

A "desperate deed" now awaited him. To look at him alone must have restored confidence. He was a man cast in a giant mould, of "commanding presence and with the heart of a lion", and almost superhuman strength. He soon showed that he had not come to wait, but to act, and "the inspiration of his example on the Ridge was worth 10,000 men".

Delhi must be taken from the rebels, and taken at once. This was decided, and it was arranged that 5,000 men should make a last desperate attempt to wrest the city from its 50,000 Sepoy defenders. John Nicholson himself, in command of the assault, was to lead the first battalion of 1,000 men to the

attack of the Cashmere Gate, while four others were to assault different points.

It was three o'clock in the early morning, and the stars were still shining, when the men collected on

Assault of Delhi : Capture of the Cashmere Gate.

that September day for one of the most daring exploits in history.

Nicholson stood out in front of his column, then he gave a signal, a fierce shout rent the air, and in the face of almost certain death the men rushed forward. The great assault of Delhi had begun.

The breach was soon carried, the enemy fell back,

and Nicholson forced his way into the city. Men were falling to right and left of him, but the "Lion of the Punjab" strode on unhurt. His troops were growing tired, and began to drag behind. But he turned, and, waving his sword above his head, pointed onwards to the foe in front, entreating them to follow on at once. His tall, straight figure was an easy mark for the enemy. A Sepoy aimed straight, and John Nicholson fell, mortally wounded. The fighting went on, and the British made their way inch by inch into the city.

Through the next long days and nights Nicholson lay dying. "To lose Nicholson seemed at that moment to lose everything," said young Lieutenant Roberts, who was having his first experience of active service at Delhi. The hero of Delhi just lived to hear that the city was in the hands of the British, and that his life had not been given in vain.

With the capture of Delhi and Lucknow the Indian Mutiny came to an end. It was arranged that the East India Company, which had governed India up to this time, should cease to exist, and a better system of government should be established. A British Viceroy was appointed to serve under the Queen, who, twenty years later, was proclaimed Empress of India, amid scenes of the greatest enthusiasm.

Chapter XVI

Sir John Franklin and the North-west Passage

Among the many famous names that shine out in this history of the Victorian age, none is more inspiring than that of the old Arctic explorer, Sir John Franklin, who perished in the attempt to find the North-west Passage.

Sir John Franklin.

Arctic exploration had been at a standstill since the days when Henry Hudson had perished in the Far North. But early in the century the old fascination asserted itself, and Britain resolved to fit out an expedition to discover a channel which was supposed to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans in the north-west of America.

There was no lack of stout-hearted sailor-men ready to volunteer for the command, but the man chosen was Sir John Franklin, who had already greatly distinguished himself in Arctic exploration. He was an enthusiastic sailor; and when his chief—

the First Lord of the Admiralty—suggested that he was rather old for such an undertaking at the advanced age of sixty, Franklin exclaimed eagerly, "My lord, you have been misinformed; I am only fifty-nine."

The *Erebus* and *Terror* nipped in the ice pack.

This decided the matter, and there was no time lost in starting. Two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, but lately returned from the Arctic regions, were selected for the purpose, with a crew of 134 souls—23 officers and 111 men—provisioned for three years. All were in the highest possible spirits, full of zeal and enthusiasm, and resolved to end for ever the vexed question of a North-west Passage.

And so they passed from the shores of England into everlasting silence. A few brief but happy letters reached home during the next two months, and then there were no further tidings. Two years passed. Still there was no news from any member of the Franklin expedition. Anxiety deepened, and fears for their fate were whispered about.

Sir John Ross.

In June 1848 Sir J. Ross, an old Arctic explorer, sailed from England in search of the missing ships. He actually sailed to within 300 miles of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, which had been deserted just four months before. But he neither saw nor heard anything of them or their crew, and he returned sadly with no news of the missing expedition. Rewards were offered both by the Government and Lady Franklin, until by the autumn of 1850 no less than fifteen ships were engaged in searching for Franklin and his crew, though all hopes of finding them alive had long since been given up. Three sailors' graves were found on Beechey Island in the Far North, and then silence fell till 1854.

Though nine years had now passed since the joyous start of Franklin and his crew, the interest was still intense, and a new expedition was fitted out under Captain McClintock, who brought home a good deal of information of the missing ships and crew. Piecing together the various odds and ends of news gleaned by those who had gone in search, we get the following harrowing story.

On June 1 the *Erebus* and *Terror* had reached the Orkney Islands. Boisterous winds carried them due west across the North Atlantic Ocean, till three weeks later they sighted Greenland, and rounded Cape Farewell for the north. Here they met their first ice, and were considerably delayed by icebergs. The ships pursued their solitary way through Baffin's Bay, Lancaster Sound, to Beechey Island, at which point the winter ice must have finally blocked them in. There they settled down to face the hardships of an Arctic winter, until the faint rays of the returning sun should appear on the distant hills, and small parties could venture forth in search of game and fresh food. If they were disappointed at the failure of the expedition to reach a more advanced point before seeking winter quarters, they realized that they had explored some 300 miles of new coast-line, and that only about 250 miles lay between them and their great discovery. Leaving three graves on Beechey Island, and a record of their doings, they made their way onwards through the narrow channels now known as Peel Strait and Franklin Straits towards King William's Land.

But suddenly the ships were caught by a rigid bar of pack ice, and frozen into a solid mass. Here they were doomed to spend a second winter. It was an unexpected blow, but the long winter passed away, and hope returned with daylight. Yet so thick was the ice, that even the summer sun could not melt it.

It was May 1847, just two years since they had left England, when a small party set out to explore the coast of King William's Island. They reached Cape Victory, and went far enough to see in the distance the Pacific coast, which told them that their sufferings had not been in vain.

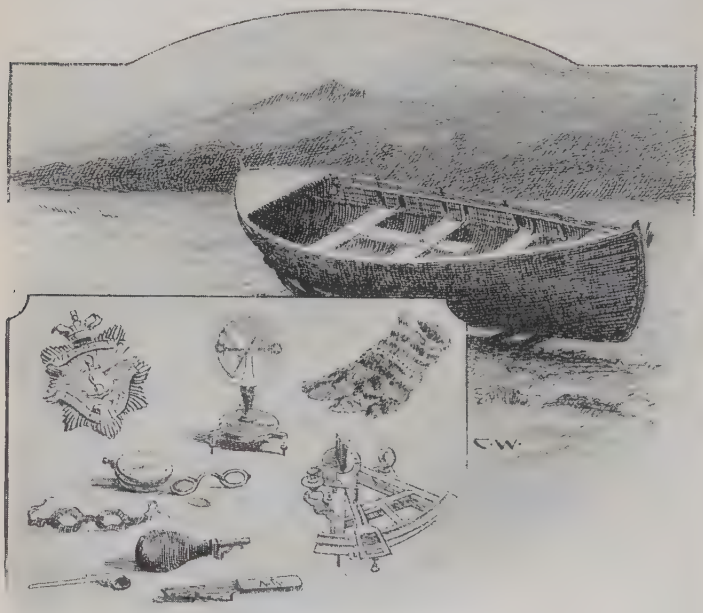
They deposited a record of their doings, which announced that Franklin was still commanding the expedition, and that all was well, and hurried back to the ships. But they found all was no longer well. The commander was no longer with them. On June 11 he passed away on the scene of his discoveries, still beset by the ice which he had fought so gallantly and so hopefully. Whether he lived to hear the news of his success we shall never know. He died in the faithful fulfilment of his duty, as many an Englishman had done before.

The ships now began very slowly to drift southwards, and soon they were beset by impenetrable barriers of ice. They had had no choice. A third winter must be spent on the ships.

It is terrible to think of the sufferings of the crews during this last winter. Starvation and disease did their work; officers and men died one by one, and the long dark winter, with its pitiless snows and

bitter howling winds, brought no hope to the ice-bound men.

We know there were still 105 survivors in April 1848, with provisions till the following July, for this



Relics of the Franklin Expedition.

was the date when they finally abandoned the two ships to make their way to Point Victory. There they left their last record, stating that they were starting for the Fish River.

They made their way with sledges along the coast-

line of King William's Island, where skeleton after skeleton told its dreary tale of suffering.

Forty white men had been seen by the Esquimaux about this time dragging sledges and a boat across the snow; they were very thin, and "they fell down and died as they walked along". Certain it is none of them reached the Great Fish River, for which they were making, for not a man of all that crew survived. Relics were discovered and brought back to England from time to time. Cooking-stoves were found, watches, blankets; there was a well-marked Bible, and a copy of *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

To-day, amid the ice and snow and desolation of Beechey Island, are these words, engraved on a tablet:

TO THE MEMORY OF

FRANKLIN, CROZIER, FITZJAMES

and all their gallant officers and faithful companions who have suffered and perished in the cause of science and the service of their country

THIS TABLET

is erected near the spot where they passed their first Arctic winter and whence they issued forth to conquer difficulties or

TO DIE

to commemorate the grief of their admiring countrymen and friends and the anguish, subdued by faith, of her who has lost in the heroic leader of the expedition the most devoted and affectionate of husbands.

"And so He bringeth them unto the Haven where they would be."

1855.

Chapter XVII

Preparing the Empire

Livingstone and Stanley in Central Africa

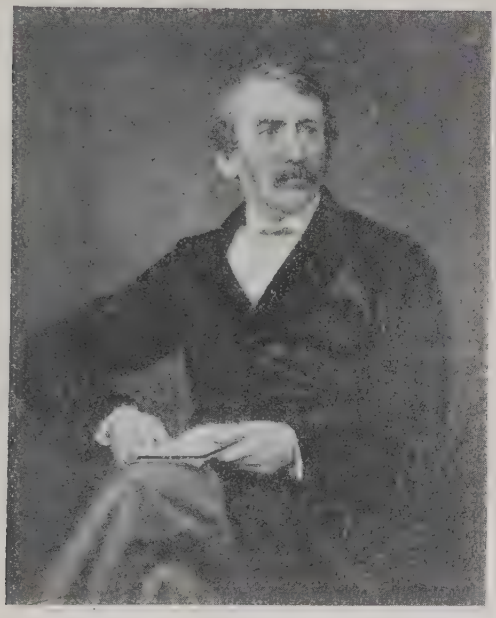
While Captain McClintock was bringing home the last news of Sir John Franklin to England, another of Britain's bravest sons was preparing the way for civilization in Central Africa, enduring untold hardship for the sake of his high mission.

A few years after the Queen's accession, David Livingstone, a young Scotsman, started on a five months' voyage to the Cape of Good Hope to take up missionary work among the natives of South Africa. Landing at Algoa Bay, after a long ox-wagon journey of 700 miles he arrived at the Mission-station, in the very heart of the country now known as British Bechuanaland. There he gained a knowledge of native languages, native customs, and laws, which enabled him to do much good work later on. But the Boers, who had recently trekked to the Transvaal, looked toward Bechuanaland for the extension of their boundaries, and they raided the little Mission-station, carrying off the little black children as their slaves.

So Livingstone started northwards ; he crossed the Kalahari Desert—a great wilderness of rocks and sand and lifeless scrub—and discovered the Lake

Nyami, for which the Royal Geographical Society voted him twenty-five guineas.

The discovery of the Zambesi—the largest river in South Africa—added to his fame. While perform-



David Livingstone.

ing the unparalleled feat of crossing Africa from ocean to ocean, east and west, he discovered the great Victoria Falls in the country now known as Rhodesia. Then, after years of hardship, he took ship for England. The grief of his black attendants was pitiful. "Take us; we will die at your feet,"

The Zambesi River.

they cried. Finally he agreed to take the chief, but the sea was wild and stormy, and the terrified man threw himself overboard and was drowned.

Victoria Falls and Gorge, Zambesi River.

It is hard in these days, when books of travel are so common, to realize the immense interest created in England by the publication of Livingstone's Journals in 1857.

Englishmen had been interesting themselves more of late in the great African continent, that was to play so large a part in her history. Natal had been added to the Empire, the independence of the Transvaal had been recognized by this country. Lake Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza had been discovered by Englishmen.

Livingstone's next achievement was the discovery of Lake Nyassa, now forming the boundary between Rhodesia and Portuguese Africa. He opened up the new country of Nyassaland, which to-day is the heart of the Central African Protectorate, administered by a British commissioner under our Colonial Office. It would take too long to follow the missionary explorer on his travels through Central Africa. Strong in purpose, high in courage, his toil was incessant, his industry unflagging.

In 1867 news reached England of his discovery of Lake Bangweolo, now included in Rhodesia and the waters of the Upper Congo, though he did not realize it was the Congo at all. Time passed on, and a rumour reached England that he was dead. The last letter from him bore the date 1867. There was a repetition of that silence which surrounded the fate of Franklin. The silence was broken by H. M. Stanley, a journalist sent by the *New York Herald* to discover whether Livingstone was alive or dead. How the two men met in the very heart of Africa, forms one of the romances of history.

Livingstone was one day sitting in his hut on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, when news arrived that

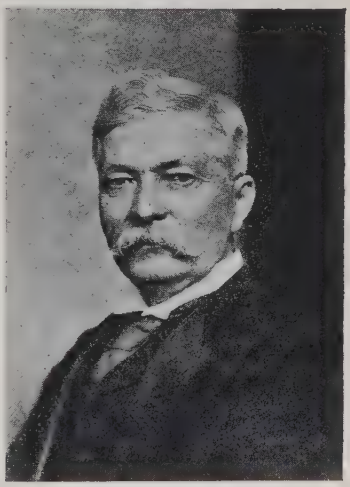
a white man had made his way from the coast, and was searching for a friend. Soon the two English-speaking men were face to face.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" said Stanley, as he looked at the old man before him with long white beard and tired face, his form reduced to a mere skeleton for want of proper food. He wore an official cap with faded gold band, a red-sleeved waistcoat, and much-patched tweed trousers.

"Yes," answered the old explorer.

A warm grasp of hands followed.

"You have brought me new life—new life," murmured Livingstone, as the two men compared experiences. But in vain Stanley begged him to return to England; the old man resolutely turned away from home, with its well-earned comforts and honours; he could not rest till he had cleared up the mystery of the Lake Tanganyika watershed. Stanley accompanied him some little way on his last heroic journey, and then turned sadly back.



Sir H. M. Stanley.

Two years after this Livingstone died. He died kneeling by his rough camp bed in the attitude of prayer.

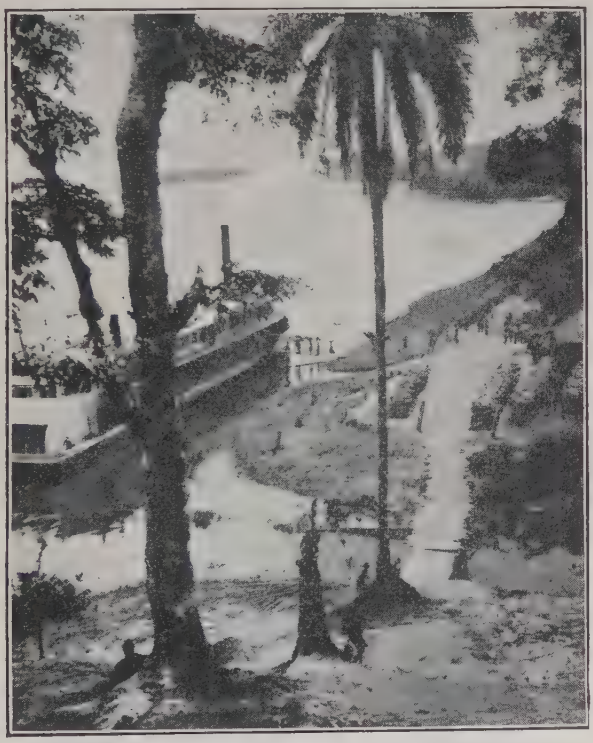
His faithful black servants buried his heart in the still forest near the shores of Lake Bangweolo, and carried his body to the coast, through swamp and desert, whence it was taken to England to be laid in Westminster Abbey, with a simple record of his great work.

The death of his friend Livingstone before the completion of his life-work made a deep impression on Stanley, and he resolved to follow in his steps and carry on the work.

In the year 1874 he started for Zanzibar, bound for the great African lakes. As yet little was known of Victoria Nyanza, and most of Central Africa was blank upon our maps. The expedition, numbering some 356, started inland on November 17, carrying a cedar canoe, the *Lady Alice*, in sections, to explore the lakes. It was the end of February when, after 740 miles of marching, the first sight of Victoria Nyanza came into view, and the men burst into cheers of delight. The little canoe was soon afloat and the lake was circumnavigated.

Having proved that the Nile left the northern end of the lake, and for 300 miles raced between high rocky walls over rapids and cataracts till it flowed through Albert Nyanza to Khartum, Stanley made his way to the famous region of Uganda—the "Pearl of Africa"—where he was warmly received by the black king, Mtesa. He was greatly struck by the intelligence of the king, and grasped the possibilities of Uganda as a centre of civilization. "With the aid of Mtesa the civilization of equatorial Africa becomes possible"; he wrote home begging that

missionaries might be sent at once to carry on the work which he himself had begun.



Scene on the Congo River.

Stanley now turned his attention to the watershed between the Nile and the Congo, making his way south to Lake Tanganyika, which he completely explored. Yet greater discoveries were before him

as he now started on his eventful journey. His wanderings had already lasted two years, and his men were reduced to less than half the original number, when he turned westward through dense jungle to the still unknown basin of the Congo, at this time known as the River Livingstone, and supposed to be the Nile. Great were the obstacles; fierce tribes attacked the little party, and sickness broke out in their midst.

On Christmas Day, 1876, a crisis arose. Stanley's resolution alone saved the situation.

"My children, make up your minds as I have made up mine: we shall continue our journey and toil on and on by this river till we reach the great salt sea."

So the twenty-three canoes started off on the unknown river, heading for the equator. A weary twenty days followed, cannibals appeared on the banks, the stream grew wild and turbulent, cataracts abounded, and at last the river suddenly narrowed and flung its waters over a wide precipice—the Stanley Falls. Then the river widened, and Stanley knew he must be sailing down the great Congo River. All through the months of February and March he struggled with the raging waters—day after day it seemed as if the little canoe must be dashed to pieces—until in August 1877 the coast was reached.

Stanley had explored the whole course of the Congo—a river 3,000 miles in length—the second largest river in the world.

Such men as Franklin, Livingstone, and Stanley were not only makers of history and pioneers of

Basoko women making pottery, Congo Free State.

civilization : they were very giants of perseverance and endurance—scorners of that luxury which tends to sap away the strength of our manhood and weaken our national character.

Chapter XVIII

Some account of Egypt and the Sudan

When Queen Victoria came to the throne, Egypt, though nominally part of the empire of Turkey, was practically in the hands of a self-made Albanian soldier, Mehemet Ali by name.

To realize how Britain came to play such a large part in the government of Egypt during the Victorian era, it is necessary to understand something about this Mehemet Ali and his successors.

By means of his military genius, intrigue, and personal ambition, Mehemet Ali, though still a vassal of the Sultan, had risen step by step till he became the independent ruler of the land of Egypt. He conquered the Sudan, and Khartum was founded under his rule. He formed a regular army for the better security of his people, he introduced European civilization, and improved the water-supply. He revived the prosperity of Alexandria by digging a canal to reconnect it with the Nile, and he more than doubled the revenue of the country. During his rule the overland route from Europe to India was first used, and Europeans were thus brought into the country. A new line of English steamers—the Peninsular and Oriental (P. & O.)—landed passengers and mails at Alexandria, from which port they were conveyed overland on camels and donkeys to Suez, whence steamers took them on to India.

In 1842 it was agreed by the Western Powers that Mehemet Ali should, under the Sultan, become hereditary ruler of Egypt. Seven years later he died, and was succeeded by his grandson Abbas.

This Abbas refused to have any dealings with Europe, though he permitted a railway to be undertaken from Alexandria to Cairo, and encouraged the overland route. It was not till 1859 that, under his successor, Said Pasha, the cutting of the Suez Canal was begun by a Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps. It was opened in 1869 by Said's successor, Ismail, whose title had been changed from Pasha to Khedive —a Persian word for " Prince ".

Meanwhile great progress had been made. Telegraph wires had been carried through the land, reaching as far as Khartum, capital of the Sudan. Ismail had extended the authority of Egypt right away to the great lakes in Central Africa.

But the new Khedive was reckless and extravagant, and the " money of Egypt ran between his fingers like the desert sand ", till at last financial difficulties obliged him to raise money by selling his shares in the Suez Canal—shares which were bought by Lord Beaconsfield on behalf of the British Government.

Meanwhile, a few isolated Englishmen were exploring Egypt to the south, to discover the sources of the great life-giving Nile, on which the whole prosperity of Egypt depended.

In the spring of 1861, Sir Samuel Baker and his enterprising Hungarian wife left Cairo on an expedition into the Sudan. Leaving Cairo, the Bakers

sailed up the Nile for nearly a month to Korosko, whence they struck across the desert: a week on camels, under scorching desert sun, brought them to Abu Hamed, another week to Khartum, a miserable, unhealthy village, composed of huts built of unburnt bricks, at the junction of the White and Blue Niles. Khartum was full of merchants and slave-traders; dishonesty, deceit, cruelty, and fraud raged, and justice was almost unknown.

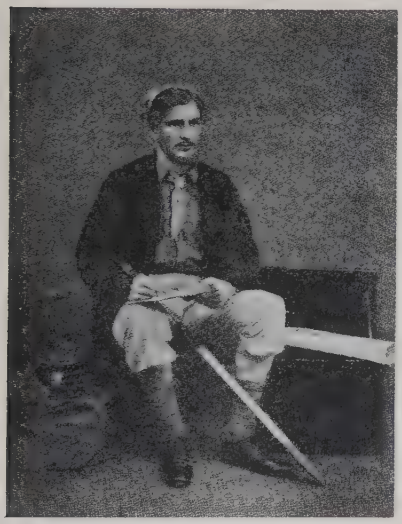
Sir Samuel Baker.

Through opposition and discouragement the Bakers made their way on to Gondokoro, the first English to enter this country of the ivory trade from the north. What was their astonishment when, one day, two Englishmen staggered into the straggling village, thin, wasted, fever-stricken; their knees showed through their trousers, their hair and beards were long and ragged.

Speke and Grant had made their way from the East Coast of Africa, and discovered an immense lake, which they had named Victoria Nyanza, after the Queen. They had heard there was another lake

beyond, but fierce tribes had made it impossible for them to reach it.

The Bakers now started off with renewed zest to complete the discoveries of Speke and Grant, who returned to England by the Nile and Egypt. This was the end of March 1863. After a year of tremendous toil, they were rewarded one day by seeing from the summit of a hill the great new lake "like a sea of quicksilver", far beneath them. They at once named it Lake Albert Nyanza, after the Prince Consort, who had died in England but two years before. After five years' exploring, they carried home their glad news.



J. A. Grant.

But Baker had seen too much of the miseries of the black population of the Sudan to rest at home. The year 1869 found him back in the equatorial provinces, with supreme authority over all the countries around Gondokoro. He was the first Englishman to fill a high post in the Egyptian service, with orders to suppress the slave-trade and open up the country for commerce.

In 1873 Charles Gordon took up the work. The name of Gordon will ever call up a vision of the Sudan—not, indeed, the more prosperous Sudan of to-day, but a land of oppression and injustice, of cruelty and slavery and suffering, a land for which he finally laid down his life.

Captain Speke.

For three years Gordon contended manfully and almost single-handed with fearful difficulties. He never spared himself; he rode about on his camel vast distances under scorching sun, over wastes of burning desert, meeting and dispersing in the Khedive's name savage bands of slave-holders. Sometimes he would go up the Nile, to find slaves smuggled down in innocent-looking boats with cargoes of wood and ivory. On being stopped, a hundred black, woolly heads would appear, and the slave-owner would tremble at finding himself face to face with the angry Governor of the Equatorial Provinces. Having established a chain of armed posts along the Nile and extended the Khedive's dominions to the Albert Nyanza, having laboured amid loneliness and solitude for three

years, Gordon resigned his task, and returned to England for a much-needed rest.

Nile Trading Boats.

Simply enough he summed up his work in the far Sudan: "I have cut off the slave-traders in their

strongholds, and made the people love me." But no competent successor was appointed, and with Gordon's departure, all hope of suppressing the slave-trade in those vast regions to the south perished for the present.

Chapter XIX

Canadian Federation

The Prince Consort had died in 1861, leaving the widowed Queen to bring up her nine fatherless children, the youngest of whom was but four years old.

For a time Queen Victoria, utterly heartbroken, took no part in public affairs, though she was ever mindful of her duty to her subjects at home. Those beyond the seas still attracted little attention, and an event of vast imperial importance passed almost unnoticed by Britons at home.

Twenty-eight years had passed away since Lord Durham's famous report and the subsequent union of Upper and Lower Canada. The storms that had raged round the subject were silent, the statesman who laid the foundation of Canadian union had long since been laid in his quiet grave, while Canada, the land he had made loyal and free, was rapidly growing into an important nation.

The population had increased rapidly in Upper Canada, to which colony the Irish peasants had flocked after the terrible potato famine of 1845.

Trade had doubled and trebled, new villages and towns had sprung up. Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Ottawa were important cities, and enterprising farmers were making their way farther and farther west. Colonists from the Old Country were clearing forests, and growing wheat on virgin soil to the north, while the fur traders, who for the past two hundred years had held trading rights over enormous tracts of ice and snow, were pushed towards the inhospitable shores of Hudson's Bay.

From the Pacific coast to the desolate shores of Labrador, these old merchant-adventurers had roamed, buying the furry skins of wolves and foxes, bears and beavers, for sale in Europe and America. From many an isolated fort amid the great silences the flag of Britain flew, bearing the magic letters H. B. C.

The cultivation of wheat was now found to be more valuable ; and gradually land was bought from the Hudson Bay Company, and amid hardship and toil, in poverty and privation, individual men were reclaiming barren and desolate lands to bring them under cultivation. It is well to remember what our country owes to the plucky, persevering, resolute Britons who, far from home and friends, built up the Empire during the reign of Queen Victoria.

In 1858 the discovery of gold on the Pacific coast brought colonists in a rush from all parts of the world. Vancouver Island sprang into fame, and the town of Victoria became the great commercial centre of gold-diggers. No longer could the Hudson Bay

Company minister to the growing needs of the colonists, and Britain took over the West under the name of British Columbia.

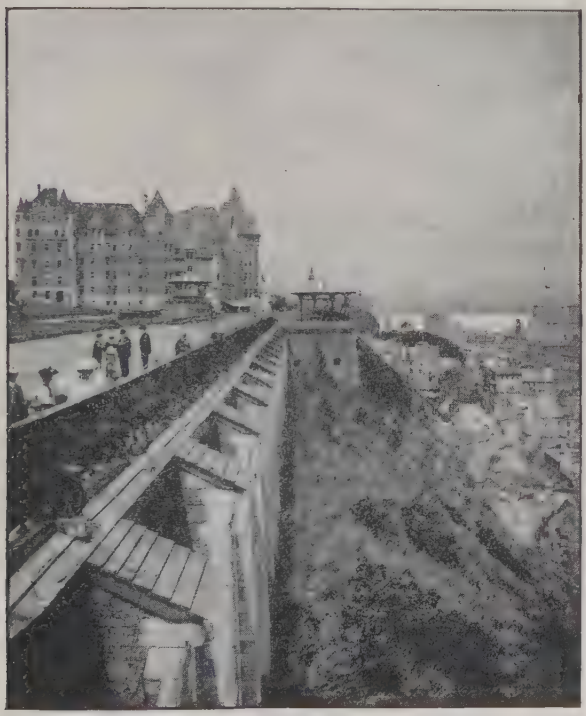
In 1866, after years of unsuccessful toil, a cable was laid under the broad Atlantic Ocean. The deed was finally accomplished by a British ship amid

Victoria, Vancouver.

universal rejoicing. It can easily be understood how great was the moment when mutual congratulations were exchanged between the Mother Country and her daughter colony, a moment only surpassed when, after the Queen had passed away, Britain spoke to Canada by means of wireless telegraphy.

Canada was at an acute stage in her history just then. Her isolated provinces were thinking of uniting

in imitation of the neighbouring United States of America. It was a matter of the gravest moment,



Hotel, Château Frontenac, and Dufferin Terrace.
Above Old Town and River, Quebec.

and a few months after the laying of the submarine cable, a famous conference was held in the historic city of Quebec. It was composed of representatives from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward

Island, and the already united Canadas. Men of ability, power, and eloquence, French Canadians, English Canadians, Irishmen, Scotsmen, who had emigrated to the new country all met to make this momentous decision for the country of their adoption.

Should they unite or should they not? For eighteen days they sat with closed doors discussing the future of their land, until at last they arrived at a scheme for uniting the great colonies of British North America, and from the realm of dreams federation became an accomplished fact. Upper Canada was henceforth known as Ontario, and Lower Canada as Quebec, and the whole Federation was named the Dominion of Canada.

The new Federal Parliament was to consist of two Houses—a House of Commons with 181 representatives and a Senate of 72 life members, with a Governor-General sent out from England to watch over all Imperial interests. Thus the colonists made themselves perfectly free to work out their own laws, to manage their own rapidly increasing trade, their taxes, and their defences.

As other provinces grew stronger, they joined the Federation. Manitoba and the North-West territories and the old Hudson Bay land came into the union in 1870, British Columbia and Vancouver in 1871, and Prince Edward Island in 1873, with representatives sitting in the central Parliament at Ottawa.

When all was complete, the Dominion of Canada stretched 3,000 miles from sea to sea. "The little British possession of 1759, described by the French

as a few square miles of snow, had grown till she was thirty times the size of the Mother Country."

Newfoundland—the oldest colony—preferred, and still prefers, to stand outside the federal union, and to bear her burdens alone, in the same way that New Zealand remained outside the Australian Commonwealth thirty years later.

Canada has had her moments of wishing for separation and independence, but the cry of the blood has been strong, and the links that bind her to the island-home have proved enduring.

Chapter XX

The Work of Lord Beaconsfield (Benjamin Disraeli)

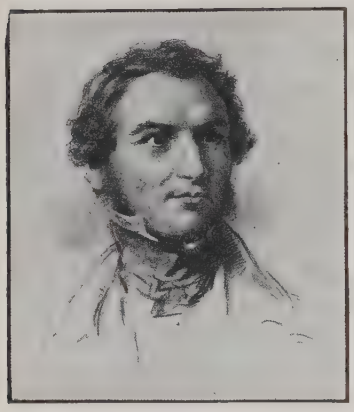
The same year that saw the Federation of Canada found Benjamin Disraeli, the son of an Italian Jew, at the head of the Government in London. It will be well to get a clear idea of what he had already accomplished since his opposition to Free Trade in 1846.

"You will see," he had said emphatically as a young man—"you will see I shall be Prime Minister."

"Something within me whispers that one day I shall be famous," he had said as a boy, when

the idea of life without fame and power seemed intolerable.

Already he was a man of mark by reason of his three novels, *Vivian Grey*, *Coningsby*, and *Sybil*, the first of which represented his own political aspirations. But he suddenly leaped into fame in 1846, by his strenuous opposition to the repeal of the Corn Laws by Sir Robert Peel.



Mr. Gladstone at the age of 35.

From this date onwards, Disraeli, for the next twenty-eight years, was the pillar of the Tory party. He led the Opposition against powerful Whig Governments, never disheartened, never hopelessly discouraged. During this long period he held office three times. In 1852 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, but his Budget was so vehemently attacked by Mr. Gladstone that the Tory Government fell. This was the beginning of a long duel between the two most famous Victorian statesmen, Benjamin Disraeli and William Gladstone.

The passing of the Reform Act of 1867 was one of Disraeli's greatest triumphs. He had to persuade his followers to support a measure which they had

condemned all their lives, to " educate his party " into doing the very thing they had once cordially denounced.

The Second Reform Act became law in 1867, by which householders in the United Kingdom were given the power of voting. But Disraeli's term of office was short, and the following year found him once more thrown into the " cold shade of Opposition ", while great measures were passed by a strong Liberal Government.

The tide turned at last, and at the age of seventy, in 1874, Disraeli, for the first time in his life, became Prime Minister with the command of a large Tory, or Conservative, majority. For the next six years he was in supreme power, and one of the most striking figures in Europe. He had, as his wife expressed it, " climbed to the top of the greasy pole at last."

India at once claimed his attention. Whether he was an Imperialist at heart or not, he sought to draw closer the scattered possessions under one head.

" There must be no more annexation, no more conquest," he had exclaimed eighteen years before this in an important speech. " You ought at once to tell the people of India that the relation between them and their real ruler, Queen Victoria, shall be drawn nearer."

He proposed to cement the union by sending the Prince of Wales to India on a triumphal progress through the land as a representative of the Queen. No English prince of royal blood had as yet visited India, and the prince was received with great enthu-

siasm by the loyal native princes. He was in the midst of his tour when a piece of news was flashed through Europe, which was destined to have a far-reaching effect on Indian matters.

On November 26, 1875, it was suddenly announced that the British Government had bought the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal for four millions

The Suez Canal.

of money. Though nobody quite knew what it meant, the news was received by a very "trumpet of approval".

This is the story of one of the boldest strokes of policy in our history. The Suez Canal had been open about six years, the first spadeful of earth having been turned at Port Said in 1859. The wondrous engineering feat had been performed by a Frenchman, M. de Lesseps. Britain had played

no part in the great enterprise. The Khedive of Egypt owned half the shares, the rest were mostly owned by Frenchmen. But the Khedive had got into money troubles, he owed large sums of money that he could not repay, and he wished to sell his shares in the Suez Canal. This wish reached the ears of Mr. Greenwood, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette.* He mentioned it at once to the Prime Minister, who saw at a glance that if any of the other Powers of Europe bought these shares it might be very awkward for Britain.

There was not a moment to be lost, not even time to call a Cabinet meeting, but Disraeli did not hesitate. He bought the Khedive's shares, and Britain awoke to find herself in possession of half the Suez Canal. The sea route to India was now secure through times of peace and war. The shares rose rapidly in value, the number of ships passing through the canal doubled and trebled year by year, and the canal had to be widened and deepened more than once.

The Prince's return from India was followed by a " Royal Titles Bill ", by which the Queen was called " Empress of India ", thereby adding " splendour even to her throne and security even to her empire ". From this time forward she bore the great title, " Victoria by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, and Empress of India ". Henceforth she signed all documents, " Victoria R. & I." (Regina & Imperatrix), and in 1893 the

addition of "Ind: Imp." (Indiae Imperatrix) was engraved on our English coinage.

"My lords," said Beaconsfield, six weeks before he died, "the key to India is in London. The majesty and sovereignty, the spirit and vigour, of your Parliament, the inexhaustible resources, the ingenuity and determination of your people—these are the keys to India."

This same year Disraeli made his last speech in the House of Commons, of which he had been a member for thirty-nine years. He was now to pass into the House of Lords as the Earl of Beaconsfield. "What our duty is at this critical moment is to maintain the empire of England—nor will we ever agree to any step that may hazard the existence of that empire."

These were his last words, as he passed from the scene of so many triumphs.

The "critical moment" was a renewal of the old Eastern question. The weakness of Turkey and the increase of Russian influence in the East was causing difficulty. Certain provinces had risen in revolt against Turkey's tyranny, and terrible atrocities were reported in the English newspapers. Great excitement arose in the country, and Mr. Gladstone made a series of powerful speeches, demanding that Britain should act on behalf of the oppressed peoples. Indignation was at its height, when Lord Beaconsfield delivered one of his greatest speeches.

"We have nothing to gain by war," he said. "There are no cities and no provinces that we

desire to appropriate. We have built up an empire of which we are proud, and our modest boast is this, that that empire subsists as much upon sympathy as upon force. But if the struggle comes it should also be recollected that there is no country so prepared for war as England, because there is no country where resources are so great. In a righteous cause England will commence a fight that will not end until right is done."

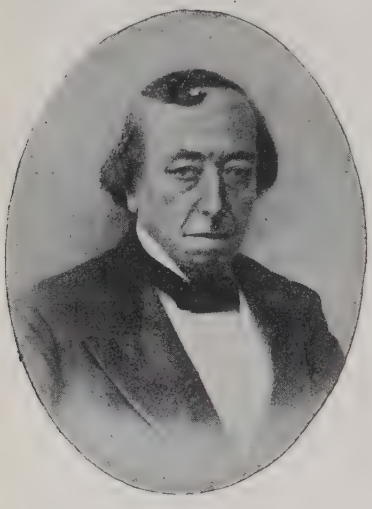
The following April Russia declared war against Turkey, and in 1878 the vanquished Turks sued for terms of peace. Lord Beaconsfield was determined that these terms of peace should not be settled by Russia alone, but by a conference of all the Powers. Accordingly, a conference was held at Berlin, under Prince Bismarck, the German Chancellor, at which Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury represented Britain. For a time matters seemed to be drifting towards war, when the British representatives won the day. Lord Beaconsfield explained Britain's demand. "If you accept these," he affirmed, "Peace; if not, War."

His return from Berlin was a triumphal progress. Amid tremendous enthusiasm he assured his fellow countrymen that he had brought them "Peace with Honour".

No wonder Prince Bismarck, admiring the man's courage, was heard exclaiming, "Disraeli *is* England". This was his last work. In 1880 the country returned Mr. Gladstone to power, and Lord Beaconsfield retired to Hughenden, his country seat in

Buckinghamshire. Here he wrote the last of his novels, *Endymion*.

The following year he died, at the age of seventy-seven, to the great grief of the Queen. Like every statesman, he had his friends and his enemies. His friends planned and carried out the great organization of the Primrose League, the fivefold petals being taken to indicate the five divisions of the British Empire—Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia.



Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.

To the end of his life he was a puzzle to his countrymen.

"An adventurer, foreign in race, in ideas, in temper, without money or family connexions, climbs, by patient and unaided efforts, to lead a great party, master a powerful aristocracy, sway a vast empire, and make himself one of the four or five greatest personal forces in the world. . . . Whatever judgement history may ultimately pass upon him, she will find in the long annals of the English Parliament no more striking figure."

Chapter XXI

Irish Affairs

While these great deeds were being wrought by Englishmen abroad, the condition of Ireland was occupying attention at home.

The years that succeeded the Irish famine were some of the saddest in the whole history of Ireland. Year by year the great emigrant ships bore Ireland's sons and daughters away to the United States, to start new homes in a land of plenty, where British rule was not.

Time had not softened the feelings of the Irish for the Mother Country: she was still their enemy, the source of all their evils, the cause of all their hopeless despair. Across the great Atlantic they still nursed these revengeful feelings, and planned together how they might best worry Britain into giving them back their rights. They had fought gallantly, shoulder to shoulder, with the Americans in their Civil War of 1865, and when the war was over thousands of Irishmen were thrown out of occupation with a good military training, which they were ready to turn against Britain.

A secret society, under the name of the Fenian Brotherhood, grew up on both sides of the Atlantic. The Fenians first made a raid on Canada; it was instantly crushed, while their efforts after a general

rising in Ireland were as easily foiled. Nature herself seemed to be against them, for although it was March, and Ireland, as a rule, was singularly free from snow, it now fell ceaselessly day and night, blocking the mountain gorges where the Irish lay hidden. A few shots were fired, and a few captures made, but the Fenian rebellion of 1867 was "buried in that unlooked-for snow".

An attempt to carry the rebellion into England failed also, though the Fenians succeeded in rescuing two of their party from a prison van on the way to the Manchester jail by means of a cowardly murder, and in blowing open the wall of Clerkenwell Prison, and injuring innocent people to set others of their brotherhood free. This show of rebellion created some excitement throughout the country, and citizens were sworn as special constables to keep the peace.

But if the rebellion itself fizzled out, the reasons for general discontent remained. Celt and Saxon could not understand one another, neither at this time did they make much effort in this direction.

"Come, let us to-night make a new treaty," said Mr. Bright, of anti-Corn Law fame, who was visiting Ireland. "On England's part let it stand for justice; on the part of Ireland let there be forgiveness."

"Justice to Ireland!" The cry was taken up by England, and well-intentioned men tried to remedy past injustices, which had made Fenians of the Irish.

None saw more clearly the need of reform than

Mr. Gladstone, who became Prime Minister in 1868, and from this time forward became champion of the Irish. His first act was to disestablish the Irish Church. At this time the State Church was Protestant; but as Ireland was a Roman Catholic country, only a fifth of the population belonged to the State Church.

"The Irish Church," cried Mr. Lowe, a member of the Government, "is like an exotic brought from a far country—it is kept alive with the greatest difficulty and at vast expense, in an uncongenial climate and an ungrateful soil. It has no leaves, puts forth no blossom, and yields no fruit. Cut it down. Why cumbereth it the ground?"

His words expressed the feelings of the majority. The Bill became law in 1869.

This accomplished, Mr. Gladstone at once took up the Irish land question. The Irish peasant at this time was absolutely dependent on his landlord. Troubles arose between them; many of the tenants could not pay their rents, and were turned out of their holdings. The new Irish Land Act gave the tenant the "right of compensation" if he was turned out, and other advantages. Men in England cried out that Gladstone was "steering straight upon the rocks". The Act was passed in 1870, but far from settling the Irish question, it was but a signal for fresh disturbance and discontent.

Further misunderstanding arose between landlord and tenant, and Ireland was more unsettled than she had been for many years. Neither the Disestablish-

ment of the Church nor the Land Act "put out at once the hot ashes of Fenianism", but it must be remembered that the bitterness of centuries is not cured by the passing of one or two laws.

Chapter XXII

In South Africa

It is curious how a single event sometimes seems to alter the whole course of history. In 1867 a little Dutch child was found playing with a brilliant pebble given to him by a native boy from the Orange River. It was discovered to be a diamond worth £500! Two years later, a Dutch farmer gave £400 for a famous diamond known as the "Star of South Africa"; it was sold later for nearly thirty times that sum.

When the discovery became known, a rush was made for the banks of the Vaal River by hundreds of adventurers from all countries, and the quiet, pastoral life of the Dutch colonists was turned into a feverish search for riches. A new town—Kimberley—sprang up in the midst of the diamond fields, and a new era opened in South Africa.

Up to this time the Orange Free State had claimed the adjoining country north of Cape Colony, called Griqualand West. It was bought from them by Britain in 1876. A year later the Transvaal was,

Zulu Kraal.

Scene on the Vaal River.

somewhat unexpectedly, annexed to the British possessions in South Africa with a declaration that "so long as the sun shone the Transvaal would remain British territory". Britain had thus interposed with the idea of helping the Dutch farmers, or Boers, against their fierce neighbours, the Zulus,

An Early View of Kimberley.

who threatened to overrun the country. For a time after the annexation there was peace.

Then Cetewayo, King of the Zulus, grew aggressive, and threatened Natal. Britain peremptorily ordered him to disband his forces within a month.

Thirty days passed and there was no answer. Then (it was January 1879) the British forces, consisting of British soldiers, colonists, and Basutos, crossed the Tugela River, and entered the land of

the Zulus, little thinking they were to sustain one of the few great defeats in the modern history of the Empire.

Although the fierce fighting power of the Zulus was well known, the English commander, Lord Chelmsford, underrated their strength, when he moved out of camp at Isandhlwana with the bulk of his force, bound for Cetewayo's capital, Ulundi, leaving some 3,000 men, half of them being whites, in an unfortified camp. Down into that camp suddenly burst some 15,000 Zulu warriors, who had evaded Lord Chelmsford.

Cetewayo.

In vain our men stood back to back, firing on their savage foes; so long as ammunition lasted they fought with all the courage of despair. The Zulus fell thick, but they "dashed against the few white troops, as the breaking of the sea against a rock". At last the white men were overwhelmed.

"Fix bayonets and die like British soldiers"—thus rang out the last command, and almost to a man they died.

When Lord Chelmsford returned towards evening, he found 50 officers and 1,000 men stretched dead

on the field of Isandhlwana, while guns, rifles, wagons, oxen, and stores had been carried off by the Zulus. It seemed now as if nothing could prevent the triumphant Zulus from entering the fair garden colony of Natal. But between Zululand and Natal rolled the River Tugela, only to be crossed at one point known as Rorke's Drift.

A Zulu Warrior.

The defence of this ford by a handful of British soldiers has been called one of the finest achievements of the century. For here some hundred men, under two young English officers, held the fort in the face of fearful odds, right through the long evening and night succeeding the battle of Isandhlwana.

Hearing that a large body of Zulus were hastening towards the river, they prepared to defend the ford

at all costs. They made parapets with bags of "mealies" and biscuit boxes, and they were hardly ready when swarms of Zulu warriors had begun to storm their defences. From behind their parapet the little band of heroes held the Drift; night fell and found them still fighting for it, till at last, about four o'clock next morning, at the approach of Lord Chelmsford's column, the Zulus gave up and fled, leaving some 400 dead bodies on the field. So the British saved Natal, redeemed their prestige after the recent defeat, and made the obscure ford of Rorke's Drift immortal.

Despite this, the Zulu power remained unbroken. Further preparations were made, and the battle of Ulundi at last ended the Zulu War. Cetewayo was taken prisoner, and a few years later Zululand was annexed to the Empire, as part of the Colony of Natal.

Now the Boers of the Transvaal had never liked annexation to the Empire, and in 1880 they hoisted the Dutch flag, and once more proclaimed the independence of the Transvaal. A general rising of Boers followed, the British in Pretoria were surrounded by a rebel force, and various detachments of British troops were besieged in their garrisons. Sir George Colley, Governor of Natal, led a body of troops to the relief of these. But his way was barred by a strong contingent of Boers at Laing's Nek, the entrance to the pass over the Drakensberg, leading from Natal to the Transvaal. Here Colley was repulsed with heavy loss, and a few days later, on the heights of Ingogo, he was again beaten back by the Boers.

Smarting under failure and defeat, eager to retrieve his fortunes, he now planned the ascent of Majuba Hill, from which splendid position he expected to crush the Boers once and for all. "At dead of night, with some 400 men, he left the British camp and began the long, laborious climb up the mountain side. Dawn was breaking when they reached the top. Rising high above the ridges of Laing's Nek, Majuba Hill commanded the surrounding country.

"Below them lay the Boer camp. It was Sunday morning. Suddenly the Boers discovered the British soldiers in their red coats standing against the sky line on the summit of Majuba. At first it seemed as if their position was hopeless; then some of the bravest among them offered to climb the hill and dislodge the English from their stronghold.

"Undaunted and unopposed, they climbed upwards, taking cover as they went. It was one of the finest deeds ever attempted, and the personal bravery of the Boers was beyond all praise. But so secure did the English feel on the summit of Majuba that they had prepared no defences.

"Suddenly the small Boer detachment stood at the top pouring a deadly fire upon the astonished British troops. Utterly demoralized, the British forces broke and fled down the steep sides of the mountain. Sir George Colley was shot at once, and the tragedy was complete."

And now a curious thing happened. Mr. Gladstone wished for peace, so he gave the Transvaal back to the Boers, who joyfully proclaimed their independ-

ence. But even this did not solve for ever the problem of the Transvaal. In 1852 the State had been given independence, in 1877 that independence had been taken away, in 1881 it was again given, and soon after the Queen's death it was again taken away.

Chapter XXIII

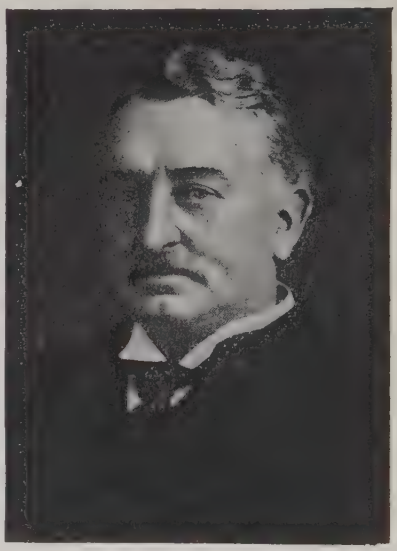
Cecil Rhodes in Rhodesia

It was about this time that a young Englishman was making his unique personality felt in South Africa. Cecil Rhodes—one of the greatest empire-builders—a name closely connected with all that was vital in that land, had come out from England in 1870, at the age of seventeen, when the voyage to Durban yet took seventy days. He had made his way to the diamond fields about Kimberley, where he not only succeeded in regaining his failing health, but in making a fortune by his industry, foresight, and prudence.

The new land fascinated him. Ever a "dreamer of dreams", he planned out his life as a ruler of men in the land of his adoption. So matured were these that in 1877 he unrolled a map of Africa, for which all the European nations were now scrambling, and pointing from the Cape to the great River Zambesi, "That 's my dream," he cried—"all this to be English."

Having decided once for all on his course of action, he spared neither himself nor his money to achieve his end.

In 1889 the British South Africa Company was formed, with Cecil Rhodes as guiding spirit and managing director, in order to open up the yet unexplored lands lying at the back of beyond.

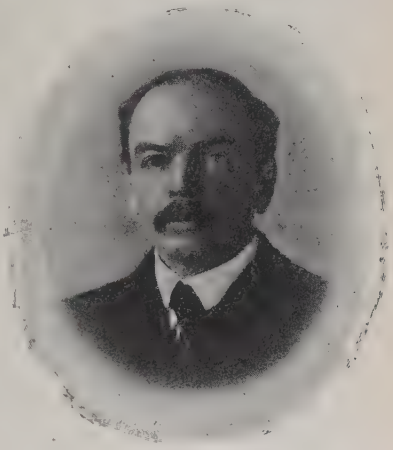


Cecil Rhodes.

Bechuanaland, for the past five years, had been under British protection, to the annoyance of the Transvaal Boers, who were now trying to get a footing in Matabeleland. Germans and Portuguese were also advancing towards the hinterland. Already, thanks to Rhodes's foresight, a treaty had been made with the great native chieftain Lo-Bengula, to whom Matabeleland and Mashonaland were subject—a treaty by which the British practically had the refusal of these vast tracts of land, which to-day we call Rhodesia.

It was now thought desirable for some white men to go up to Mashonaland and exploit the goldfields

there. So some 200 British colonists, with a force of 500 armed police, set forth in the summer of 1890 to pioneer their roadless way into the new lands. Though missionaries and hunters had passed through the land, it was as yet unknown. Savage warring tribes were living in the thick bush, through which the "Mashonaland Pioneers" had to fight their way. Every night great precautions were taken: the camp was made of ox-wagons with a Maxim gun at each corner, while an electric searchlight illumined the dark night, and kept the natives at a safe distance.



Dr. Jameson.

And so, under the guidance of Selous, the famous lion-hunter, who knew the region better than any white man living, the pioneers reached the very heart of Mashonaland. They hoisted the British flag at a spot near Mount Hampden, which they named Salisbury, after the Prime Minister at home. Here they disbanded, for they had reached the promised land of the goldfields. They soon built the towns of Salisbury and Victoria, and more and more settlers found their way to the new country. A chartered company was formed, administered by

Cecil Rhodes and his friend Dr. Jameson, and the whole was brought under British protection.

But all this displeased Lo-Bengula, and frequent Matabele raids disturbed the peace of the Mashonaland colonists. At last Jameson decided that the power of Lo-Bengula must be crushed.

In 1893 an opportunity offered. A Matabele army crossed the border, and colonists and troops were called out to war. Some thousand rallied round the flag and marched towards Bulawayo, Lo-Bengula's capital. Soon Bulawayo was in flames, and Lo-Bengula was flying panic-stricken to the north. Major Forbes, with a small force, was sent in pursuit. He followed the tracks of Lo-Bengula's wagons for some forty miles to the Shangani River, then along the river to a ford, which had evidently been crossed. Major Forbes then deputed Major Alan Wilson, with thirty-three troopers, to cross the Shangani and patrol further, intending to follow later with the main body.

The night was dark, and rain fell heavily. The river rose, and with it all possibility of return. Wilson and his handful of men were hopelessly separated from Major Forbes. A terrible tragedy was the result.

The Matabele were rallying round their king, when they discovered the white men. In the early morning Major Wilson and his thirty-three troopers were furiously attacked. They knew full well there was no escape, but that they must die as became brave men, facing certain death. The handful of English-

men fell back on a large mound. Here they dismounted, and formed a ring with their horses, behind which they took shelter. There was no request for quarter, no thought of surrender. With "iron calmness" the men fought on for two long hours till their ammunition gave out. As soon as the supreme moment came, those who were yet able to rise, stood shoulder to shoulder and lifted their hats. Then, said the Matabele afterwards—then they joined in a song, and singing, died. Still one man was left, upright, brave to the end. Alone he stood in the midst of the dead bodies of his comrades, a hero among heroes, and single-handed he fought the foe, till he too fell dead at the last.

The desperate bravery of Wilson's patrol struck the natives with awe and reverence. To-day the spot where they fell is marked by a granite memorial put up by Cecil Rhodes himself. The brave end of the Shangani patrol will ever stand out, not only in colonial but in imperial history, as one of Britain's famous deeds.

Mashonaland and Matabeleland both came under British protection, and were administered by the Chartered Company, under Dr. Jameson, under the name of Southern Rhodesia—which forms the fifth of the British States in South Africa.

Chapter XXIV

Gloomy Days in Egypt

In yet another part of Africa trouble was brewing. Since the days when Britain had suddenly bought up the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal, Egypt had been threatened with ruin, and it had become necessary for the Powers to intervene.

In 1879 Britain and France jointly assumed the task of controlling Egypt. But this " Dual Control ", as it was called, had a troubled history. Two years later a National Party came to the fore, a body of natives jealous of European interference. These rose under their leader, Arabi Pasha, an Egyptian soldier, surrounded the Khedive's palace, and compelled him to dismiss his ministers. The revolt gathered weight. Europeans fled from Cairo, and for the moment Arabi, in his triumph, fortified Alexandria, and planned an attack on the Suez Canal.

But Britain could not stand by and see her route to India in danger. France refused to interfere, so it was left to this country to suppress the rebellion and restore the Khedive's authority.

Early on the morning of July 11, 1882, the bombardment of the Alexandrian forts was opened by British ironclads and gunboats. The forts were wrecked, the garrison driven out, the British landed

and took possession of the ruins. Arabi himself had escaped to raise an army inland.

So Sir Garnet (afterwards Lord) Wolseley was sent from England, and at Tel-el-Kebir, between Ismailia and Cairo, he struck a blow at the National Party. Landing at Ismailia with some of our finest British regiments, he marched rapidly across the desert, guided by the brightness of the Egyptian stars, took Arabi completely by surprise, and in half an hour " with one brilliant dash scattered to the winds the hopes and fears " of the Egyptian leader; then he rode on to Cairo, where the Khedive was at once reinstated.

Sir Garnet (afterwards Lord) Wolseley.

A great responsibility now rested on Britain. She was bound to remain to support the Khedive's authority, and guard her own interests in the Suez Canal. The " Dual Control " was at an end, and a Single Control was now established by Britain alone.

While Arabi was leading a revolt against Europeans in Egypt, away to the south in the far Sudan, only recently left by Gordon, another revolt was brewing, under a leader known to history as the Mahdi, or " inspired one ".

The son of a carpenter at Dongola, the Mahdi adopted a religious career, and called on all Mohammedans in the land to follow him in a revolt against their Egyptian rulers. Groaning under oppression and misrule, the Sudanese rose and followed the Mahdi in ever-increasing numbers. In July, 1882, they destroyed the Egyptian troops of the far south, and the following year the town of El-Obeyd, 200 miles from Khartum, surrendered, and the Mahdi thus obtained a firm footing in the Sudan. He now advanced farther and farther north, till it was felt something must be done, and at once.

At last both Egyptian and British Governments were roused to action. Britain strongly advised the Khedive to give up the Sudan, and to retire to the frontier at Assuan. But there were isolated garrisons in the desert cities which could not be left to their fate. Gordon offered his services. They were accepted and he was soon on his way to Khartum in order to arrange for the peaceful withdrawal of the garrisons.

And here we must tell again the oft-told story, one of the most tragic in modern history, of the fall of Khartum and the death of Gordon.

On January 26, 1884, Gordon and his companion, Colonel Stewart, left Cairo.

"I come without soldiers, but with God on my side, to redress the evils of this land," he said. "I will not fight with any weapons save justice."

It was not till he had been some days in Khartum that he began to realize the strength of the Mahdi; if he rescued only the garrisons, he must leave many

View of Khartum as it appeared in 1884.

old friends to their fate. This—being the man he was—he could not do; so he changed his mind, and, to complicate an already difficult situation, instead of withdrawing, he decided to remain, appealing to Britain for forces to "smash the Mahdi". This change of plan put the British and Egyptian Governments into a very awkward position.

Gordon Memorial, now at Khartum.

The Mahdi's troops soon closed round Khartum, and Gordon was cut off from all communication with the outside world. As time went on, he began to despair of help. His last pathetic journals describe his days as the long, sad weeks passed by. Busy all day in defending the town and ministering to the wants of the people, every night he mounted to the palace roof, and there kept lonely watch over the ramparts, praying for the help that never came.

Meanwhile a relief expedition had started under Lord Wolseley, the hero of Tel-el-Kebir. But the difficulties he had to encounter were very great, and

it was not till January 1885, that the relieving forces drew near to Khartum. Then the Mahdists made their last attack.

It was Sunday, the 25th. The night was dark for Egypt. Gordon kept watch on the palace roof. Just as the red sun was rising over the dark horizon, the Mahdi's men crept into Khartum, made their way to the palace, and slew the one Englishman there. Gordon was in his white uniform. "His sword was girt about him, but he did not draw it. He carried a revolver in his right hand, but he disdained to use it."

"Go," he used to say to those around him in those last days—"go, tell all the people that Gordon fears nothing, for God has created him without fear."

And so he died.

Two days later—it was Gordon's birthday—a few Englishmen in advance of the relief expedition fought their way up to Khartum, only to find the Mahdi's black flag waving over the palace, to learn that a general massacre of the garrison had taken place, and the man they had come to save had failed gloriously, and fallen at his post "faithful unto death".

The whole country was abandoned by the British, till in 1898 it was reconquered.

Chapter XXV

The Queen's Jubilee

Victoria had been proclaimed Queen of Great Britain on June 20, 1837. Now she was Queen of more than Great Britain, for the ever-increasing commerce and colonization had brought new lands under her sway.

It was fitting that her Jubilee in 1887 should be celebrated by representatives gathered from all parts of the Empire, as well as by royal princes from the courts of Europe. Three times only in the whole of England's history had a sovereign reigned for fifty years ; never in the annals of any country had there been such enthusiastic rejoicings over such an event.

This was due to some extent to the Queen's own personality and character. She had given her whole life and strength for her people ; no subject had ever been too large, no detail too small, for her close attention. Her work had increased in proportion to the increase of her possessions.

The great day, June 21, 1887, dawned. The streets of London were lavishly decorated ; no pains were spared to make the great centre of the Empire —the largest city in the world—as gay and bright as possible. Early in the morning trains poured people into London from outlying parts. Such crowds had never been seen before, for since the coronation and marriage of Victoria railways,

steamers, penny post, and telegraphy had made communication possible, and within the reach of all. Every window along the route was filled, every balcony and gallery contained eager spectators of the royal procession, flags flew from tower and steeple—London was keeping festive holiday.

At eleven o'clock the great procession started from Buckingham Palace, and cheer upon cheer rose from the dense waiting masses. The first part of the procession consisted of carriages full of foreign kings and princes; there were Indian princes, too, in cloth of gold, their turbans blazing with diamonds and precious stones. A body of Life Guards preceded the royal carriages containing the Queen's married daughters and granddaughters; these were followed by a brilliant escort of royal princes, riding on horseback, seventeen in number, including her three sons, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught.

There were already two gaps in the royal family since the death of the Prince Consort—the Duke of Albany and the much beloved Princess Alice. Amid the royal escort rode the Queen's five sons-in-law, the Crown Prince of Germany being the central figure of the group in dazzling white uniform with silver helmet.

There too rode Prince Christian, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Marquis of Lorne, and the three grandsons, Prince Albert Victor (heir to the throne),[1] Prince George of Wales, and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein.[2]

[1] Died 1891. [2] Died 1901.

The appearance of the Queen's carriage, drawn by the famous cream-coloured horses, was the signal for a tremendous outburst of cheering, which was kept up continuously along the route till Westminster Abbey was reached. With the Queen drove her eldest daughter, the Crown Princess of Germany, and her daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales.

A short and simple thanksgiving service took place: the Queen sat in the old chair of Edward the Confessor, in which fifty years before she had been crowned as a young untried girl.

The enthusiasm that greeted her return from the Abbey was one long triumph—a triumph well earned and quietly accepted by the Queen of England.

"The enthusiastic reception I met with . . . has touched me most deeply," she said in a letter of thanks to her subjects some days later. "It has shown that the labour and anxiety of fifty long years, twenty-two of which I spent in unclouded happiness, shared and cheered by my beloved husband, while an equal number were full of sorrows and trials borne without his sheltering arm and wise help, have been appreciated by my people. This feeling and the sense of duty toward my dear country and subjects, who are so inseparably bound up with my life, will encourage me in my task, often a very difficult and arduous one, during the remainder of my life."

Chapter XXVI

The Queen's Diamond Jubilee

Ten momentous years had passed since the Jubilee procession of 1887. The Queen had now reigned for sixty years—longer than any other British sovereign had reigned before her. She was an old lady, and the heavy burden of empire was beginning to tell severely upon her. But even she was probably not prepared for the great unrehearsed feature of this Jubilee celebration, the hearty recognition and spontaneous outburst that greeted the representatives of the great self-governing colonies beyond the seas.

It had been the work of Mr. Chamberlain, a prominent statesman of the latter part of the Victorian era, to invite the Premiers of the colonies to come over and take part in the Jubilee festivities. With one accord they accepted and came, many of them now paying their first visit to the British Isles, to show allegiance to the aged Sovereign who was their acknowledged head.

Once more, as heretofore, the foreign lands sent representatives. Austria sent her heir-apparent; Germany, France, Russia, Spain, Italy, all sent envoys; indeed, no fewer than fifty foreign lands were represented, and many gorgeous gifts in silver and gold were showered on the Queen.

Let us recall the vast procession, a mile and a half in length, in order to realize the importance of the Queen's scattered realms. Preceded by a hundred men of the Royal Navy, rode detachments of Life Guards, Horse Artillery, Dragoons, Hussars, Lancers, and the Imperial Service Troops (raised by the native princes of India for the defence of the Empire). Then came sixteen carriages, containing the royal princesses, children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of the Queen.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

The enthusiasm of the day was reserved for the colonial detachment, headed by a band of the Royal Horse Guards. First, with a contingent of Canadian Cavalry and Canadian Mounted Police, came the Premier of the Dominion of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. They were closely followed by troops from New South Wales, with the Premier, G. Reid; from Victoria, with the Premier, Sir George Turner; from Queensland, with the Premier, Sir Hugh Nelson; from South Australia, with C. C. Kingston; and West Australia, with Sir John Forrest; from Tasmania, with Sir E. Braddon; from New Zealand, with Hon. R. Seddon; from the Cape of Good Hope, with Sir Gordon Sprigg.

Almost startling in its ecstasy was the reception of these sons of Britain.

These cheers had hardly died away when the Indian princes followed, with a dazzling escort of Bengal Cavalry and Lancers, Punjab Cavalry, Bombay, and other local forces of the Crown.

Nor were the smaller colonies unrepresented. There were militia and artillery from Malta, Trinidad Field Artillery and Infantry, the little Borneo Dyak Police with their English officers, Jamaica Artillery in their uniforms of scarlet with white facings, police from Sierra Leone, Royal Niger and Gold Coast Hausas, detachments from Hong Kong and the Straits Settlements.

Cheer upon cheer rose and fell on the air, till at last the royal carriage and the cream-coloured horses came in sight, and, escorted by her two sons on horseback, the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) and the Duke of Connaught, the aged Queen, bowed with the burden of her seventy-nine years, came before her delighted subjects.

Then their loyalty and affection burst forth unrestrained; a very roar of applause greeted her triumphal progress through the streets of London. Her character and the wonderful progress which had marked the sixty years of her reign combined to produce in her people that which might well force the tears to her eyes.

But beyond this personal note there was another we shall do well to understand.

When the Queen came to the throne the monarchy

was insecure. At the Diamond Jubilee the people of Britain realized that it was stronger than it had ever been before. This was due partly to the failure of the various republics to realize perfection, partly to the Queen's wise consent to the democratic demands, which served to strengthen the monarchy and increase the people's confidence in their sovereign, partly to an almost unconscious growth of the imperial spirit.

Slowly, during the long years, the people had been realizing that the throne of Britain stood at the centre, not only of a kingdom, but of a world-wide Empire, and the pride of sovereignty had entered into their very hearts. For in this world-wide Empire of theirs there was wealth, there was trade, there were careers, there was a new element of hope for all.

"From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them."

These simple words—the thanks of a mother to her children—were flashed to every corner of the Empire on this royal day, while wire and cable alike carried congratulations to her, who was the centre of an admiring world.

Over 2,000 beacons that evening sped the glad news from hill to hill over the British Isles.

And so the greatest day perhaps in the whole Victorian era drew to its close.

Chapter XXVII

Looking Backwards

The Queen had reigned for sixty years, and as the outburst of enthusiastic applause died away, she must have looked back over the wonderful period through which she had lived with much satisfaction, as she thought of the immensely improved condition of her British subjects.

What if her revenue had doubled in that time? The number of her subjects had trebled in the British Isles alone, and the area over which she held sway was four times as large as it was at her accession. But it was neither the increased wealth nor the added miles to her Empire that interested her so much as the improved condition of her poorer subjects. She could think of them now with better wages and shorter hours of work, better housed, better fed, better clothed than in the early years of her reign.

True, they had left the countryside desolate, and crowded into the towns for work, for the farmers had suffered heavily from the free importation of foreign corn. But town life had its advantages as well as its disadvantages. Free libraries provided the people with good literature, they had their swimming baths, their cricket clubs, and varied occupations for their leisure time. Their whole atmosphere was healthier.

The Queen could remember how her subjects in the early part of her reign were publicly hanged in

London and the large towns of England, and how hundreds and thousands of people crowded to see the sight, a brutalizing and demoralizing pastime. She must have recalled with satisfaction that no public execution had taken place since the year 1868. She must have remembered the terrible alternative for those convicted of crime. She knew how they were chained, thrust into convict ships, and transported for life to Australia or Tasmania—till in 1858 all transportation was ended by the law of the land.

The very year of her accession, 166 of her subjects had been sentenced to death, and 266 had been transported for life, while in the year of her Diamond Jubilee only 20 had been sentenced to death; instead of transportation, streams of healthy, honest emigrants yearly left British shores, to make for themselves new homes in those great sunlit lands across the seas, thus strengthening the bonds of the fast-growing Empire.

A great reduction of crime had taken place since free education had been provided for the children of Great Britain: the national mind had been elevated and refined, the effects of which were visible everywhere.

Where most could read and write, there was a growing demand for cheap books and newspapers. Queen Victoria might have remembered that at her accession there were but five newspapers—*The Times* (7*d.*), the *Morning Chronicle, Standard* (an evening paper till 1857), the *Globe*, and the *Morning Post.*

The abolition of stamp duties and the introduction

of printing by steam had increased the number, until in 1875 there were 325 papers printed in London alone, and in 1887 there were 2,135 in the British Isles, which number was still increasing when the Queen died.

This gave the people an opportunity of learning the affairs of the State from day to day—a matter of great importance, since already the working man had a voice in the government of his country. When the Queen came to the throne he had no part in the government. It was not till the Second Reform Act of 1867 that the working man of England had a vote.

In addition to this, the formation of County Councils in 1888, to deal with local matters relating to small areas, brought the possibility of governing on a small scale within the reach of all. Thus, by means of education, the poorest of the Queen's subjects could rise to the highest position in the Empire. This was impossible at the beginning of the reign, but the Queen could reflect with satisfaction on such a change, which might utilize the best brains and capacity in the kingdom, whether belonging to rich or poor.

Perhaps the changes that came with the cheapening of food were as far reaching as any within the period. No longer did the working man live on home-cured bacon, home-churned butter, home-fed mutton, and home-brewed beer. The great ocean-going ships steamed from shore to shore, bringing to Britain foods cheaper than she could produce

them on the spot. From Australia came frozen beef and mutton, from Canada came meal for bread and biscuits, from Tasmania came fruit, from Jamaica bananas, from China, Assam, and Ceylon ever-increasing quantities of tea, from the lands washed by the Nile came abundance of sugar, rice from Patna and Rangoon, eggs from France and Holland, butter and cheese from Denmark and Brittany.

Similarly the huge imports of wool from Australia and elsewhere have made clothing cheaper.

These are but a few of the changes on which the Queen could look back with satisfaction as she neared the end of her long and glorious reign. They were changes which affected Britain most, because Britain was the heart and hub of the new Empire, which was contributing to her prosperity.

Chapter XXVIII

An Age of Science

Amid all the glorious achievements of Queen Victoria's reign, the wonderful discoveries in science must ever claim a foremost place. Thrilling indeed are the stories of this scientific age, breathless the rapidity with which one after another burst upon the public mind, changing old-world customs, transforming time-worn ideas, and revolutionizing the thought of centuries.

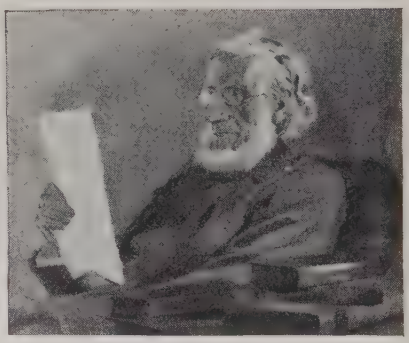
The name of Herschel calls up the vision of a man who, during the nineteenth century, devoted his life to the study of the heavens. The very year of the Queen's accession, Sir John Herschel, with his great telescope at the Cape, was sweeping the heavens for stars and planets; and his *Handbook*, published in 1838, told the grand story of a solar system travelling through endless space. Among his other achievements he had named some 250 minor planets, and classified 5,000 clusters of little stars.

Sir John Herschel.

While developments were taking place in the telescope and spectroscope, the discovery of photography brought these observations into the realm of fact. By means of this new art the heavens could be photographed, and true pictures of the relative sizes of sun, moon, and stars were presented to the world at large.

The discoveries of Professor Tyndall on the subject of radiant heat became known in 1863, when one of the foremost men of science, Sir William Thomson (afterwards Lord Kelvin), was using his experiments in electricity for practical ends.

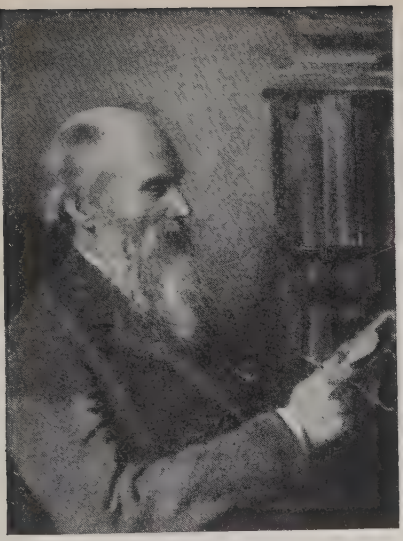
One December night in 1858 the first electric light flashed over the troubled waters from the South Foreland lighthouse, though private houses were not lit with it till 1878. By this time the great work of Lord Kelvin's life was done, and he had been the means of laying the deep submarine cable, first from Dover to Calais in 1851, then from Ireland to Newfoundland in 1866, until every foreign country and every colony were in communication one with another.



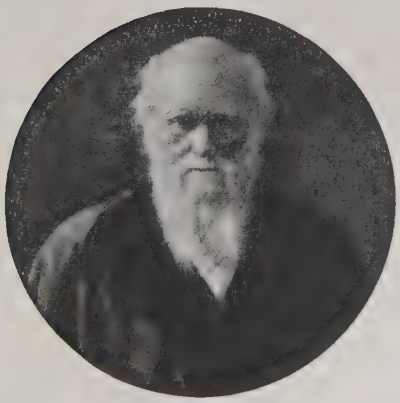
Professor Tyndall.

New discoveries in plant life by Sir William Hooker and other botanists led to the re-establishment of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew: they were the very first gardens of their kind in the whole world.

A closer study of plant and animal life led Charles Darwin to the new theories which he gave to the world in 1859 on *The Origin of Species*. His book gave rise to much discussion, but when in 1871 it was followed by *The Descent of Man*, which suggested that human beings and apes were descended from a common origin, a very storm of abuse burst forth. But though so fiercely attacked, the book had an extraordinary influence on literature, science, art, and religion during the latter half of the century.



Lord Kelvin.



Charles Darwin.

Perhaps such a revolution in thought was only equalled by the changes that took place in the world of medicine and surgery.

At the Queen's accession both these branches of science were somewhat stationary, until the introduction of ether and chloroform into Britain in 1848 robbed surgery of half its terrors. Up to this time very few operations could be attempted; the wretched patient had to see all the preparations, and to feel all the pain. Many died merely from shock, others from surgical fever; only the strongest survived. Under chloroform it was found that operations could be performed slowly and painlessly, and many hundreds of lives were saved by this means.

A Röntgen ray photograph of a lady's hand.

Towards the end of this age, surgery was further helped by the wonderful discovery of the X or Röntgen rays, by which means the exact location of a bullet or foreign substance imbedded in the flesh could be detected.

Sir Joseph Lister—a name famous in the annals of Victorian medicine—found a means whereby greater care and cleanliness in surgery saved many a case that had hitherto succumbed to blood-poisoning after operation.

There is no time to tell of other discoveries which prolonged life and alleviated suffering—of the prevention of small-pox by vaccination, of the new treatment of consumption by light and air, of the diminution of typhus and cholera by means of improved sanitation, of the isolation of infectious complaints, such as measles, scarlet fever, chicken-pox, &c.

Sir Joseph Lister.

At the beginning of the Victorian era the State took no interest in the public health: water supplies were bad, dust-heaps lay in the streets, there were no public baths, and the death-rate was very high. The establishment of a Board of Health enforced a better state of things, and a higher degree of human cleanliness had a grand effect on the health of the community.

The telephone, wireless telegraphy, and motors were all in their infancy when Queen Victoria died, so they will not be touched on here.

Throughout the reign of Victoria the field of science was full of eager workers—all toiling in the great cause of humanity. The work was slow and laborious: it needed patience, knowledge, and love. Some died

without seeing the result of their toil; others lived to understand the unspoken gratitude of thousands of their fellows. Britain has given to the world some of the greatest discoveries of the century.

Chapter XXIX

Mr. Gladstone

Among the foremost of Victorian statesmen stands William Ewart Gladstone.

The name of Gladstone has often occurred in this story of the great Victorian era; but it will be well to collect together a few of the events of his life, in order that the Liberal statesman may stand out beside his political opponent Disraeli, whom he outlived by eighteen years.

The son of one of England's merchant princes, who had made his fortune in West Indian sugar in the days before the abolition of the slave-trade, he went to Eton and Oxford and passed out into the great world of politics. At the Queen's accession he was a young man of twenty-eight, who had already held the post of Under Secretary to the Colonies in Sir Robert Peel's Tory ministry.

"Mark that young man," said an English minister; "he will be Prime Minister of England"; while the Bishop of Oxford prophesied success when he wrote, "There is no height to which you may not fairly

rise in this country. You may at a future date wield the whole government of this land."

He became a member, under Sir Robert Peel, of the Queen's first Tory Cabinet in 1841, a young man " of unblemished character and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of these stern and unbending Tories ".

It is curious to remember that Gladstone began his political life as a Conservative and Disraeli as a Liberal, and that both men changed their views and became shining lights on the other side. When the question of Free Trade arose, Gladstone convinced himself that it was a move in the right direction, while Disraeli argued for the continuance of Protection. The promoters of Free Trade won, and it fell to Mr. Gladstone to reduce the customs duties of Britain.

In 1852 the Budget of Disraeli was fiercely attacked by Gladstone, who, by his great speech on this occasion, brought about the fall of the Government. Succeeding his rival as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he at once abolished the soap tax, reduced the heavy tax on tea, and by means of other economic measures he came to be regarded as one of the leading financiers of Queen Victoria's reign.

The harassing days of the Crimea over, he again became Chancellor of the Exchequer, planning the abolition of the tax on paper, which paved the way for cheap books and newspapers. It fell to his lot to introduce a Reform Bill in 1866, and on this subject he delivered one of his most famous speeches.

" You cannot fight against the future," he pleaded

in a voice of solemn warning, which thrilled through the House. "Time is on our side."

The Reform Bill was defeated, and Gladstone retired to his home at Hawarden for a time. But rest was not for him.

A new and yet more democratic Reform Bill was passed by the new parliament, when Disraeli became Prime Minister; but in 1868 Gladstone was called by the Queen to form a Cabinet.

"My mission is to pacify Ireland," he said as he accepted office, and to this end he set himself with his whole soul. His task was colossal.

He proposed first to disestablish the Irish Church as a State Church, and we have already seen how he succeeded. He passed the Elementary Education Act, by which for the first time all children were compelled to go to school.

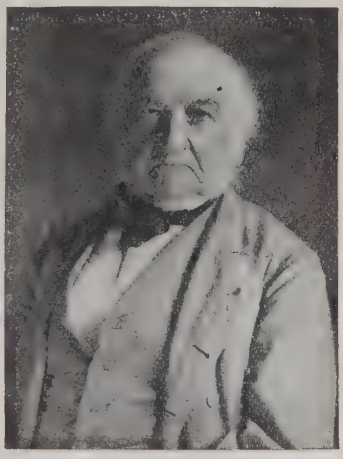
In 1885 he brought in a Bill for Home Rule for Ireland, which was defeated. At the age of 84 he once more came forward as Ireland's champion and urged Britain to pass a measure bestowing Home Rule on Ireland.

"Sirs," he ended a great two-hour speech, in a voice struggling with emotion, "it would be a misery to me if I had omitted in these closing years any measures possible for me to take towards upholding and promoting what I believe to be the cause . . . of all parties and all nations inhabiting these islands. Let me entreat you," he added in a low voice—"if it were with my latest breath I would entreat you—to let the dead bury its dead. Cast behind you every

recollection of bygone evils ; cherish, love, and sustain one another through all the vicissitudes of human affairs in the times that are to come."

The Bill passed its third reading by a scant majority, to be thrown out by the Lords.

So William Gladstone passed from the scene of his long political life. He had been three times Chancellor of the Exchequer and four times Prime Minister ; he had reduced the number of goods on which customs duties were paid from five hundred to fifty, and amongst other measures, he had been responsible for the Irish Land Act, the abolition of the soap and paper duties, and the Local Government Act.



William Ewart Gladstone.

As an orator he had no equal in the great Victorian age. He wrote on matters political, theological, and literary, and in his pursuit of knowledge he found relief from anxiety and comfort under disappointment.

His home life has been called " perfectly happy ", and when he died, at the advanced age of eighty-eight at Hawarden, it appeared to many that " the

light seemed to have died out of the sky". Even a foreigner echoed the feelings of many Englishmen when he said, "On the day that Gladstone died the world lost its greatest citizen".

Chapter XXX

Modern Egypt

Of all the countries that Britain had helped during these last sixty years, there was none of which she might more reasonably be proud than Egypt.

A new era had dawned for that country when Sir Evelyn Baring (afterwards Lord Cromer) arrived in Cairo as British Consul-General in 1883. The country was wellnigh bankrupt owing to the reckless expenditure of the Khedive Ismail; the canals and dams on which the land depended had been neglected, while the gloriously fertile delta of the Nile—the granary of the ancient world—was rapidly deteriorating, owing to its clumsy and unscientific water supply.

A sum of nine millions was now raised by the six Powers and Turkey for the payment of Egypt's debts. Sir Evelyn Baring set to work to irrigate the land, which was crying aloud for water. The result was so successful that of late years many millions have been profitably spent on the further improvement of Egyptian irrigation.

Before the engineers had been at work ten years the cotton crop had trebled and the sugar crop more than trebled. A new spirit was working in Egypt. The crowning touch on the great series of irrigation works which ensured a regular water supply to both Upper and Lower Egypt was added in 1900, with the famous Assuan Dam, one of the greatest storage reservoirs in the world. It was built entirely by British engineers, some 600 miles south of Cairo, and held up the river for 70 miles, enabling a summer as well as a winter crop to be raised throughout great portions of the country.

Lord Cromer.

Justice was administered, the whip was no longer used to extort taxes from the people, and the down-trodden and oppressed Egyptians began dimly to realize that there was such a thing as justice between man and man.

Meanwhile, officered and drilled by Englishmen, the Egyptians were becoming efficient soldiers, and a British Commander-in-Chief, known as the " Sirdar ", was appointed.

With this increasing prosperity the time was

ripening for a reconquest of the Sudan, the "land of the blacks", who were living under the cruel oppression and tyranny of the Khalifa, the Mahdi's successor. There was misery throughout the length and depth of the Nile Valley, from the Egyptian boundary at Wady Halfa right away to Gondokoro.

The Nile Dam.

The task of reconquering the Sudan was entrusted to the Sirdar, afterwards known as Lord Kitchener of Khartum.

Quietly he began to prepare for that great battle which would end the power of the Khalifa, restore the richest provinces of Africa to the Khedive, safeguard the sources of the Nile, and redeem the unhappy Sudanese.

The reconquest occupied three years—from March

1896 to December 1898. The first stage was from Wady Halfa to Dongola, the second from Dongola to Abu Hamed, the third to Khartum.

By 1896 railway and telegraph were completed, and the expedition pushed forward. Before the well-organized and well-equipped Egyptian Army the Khalifa's followers fled, Dongola was captured in September 1896, and the first stage in the reconquest of the Sudan accomplished.

Lord Kitchener.

In August 1897 Abu Hamed was captured, the Dervishes losing some two hundred and fifty killed, and the second stage of the reconquest of the Sudan was accomplished.

Early in 1898 the Khalifa and his troops marched northwards, only to be defeated by the Sirdar at Atbara. The battle was fought on Good Friday, and it has been called one of the most brilliant achievements in the history of Africa. The victory was won by the Sirdar after half an hour of fierce fighting; several hundred Dervishes were captured and some three thousand Arabs killed.

The Khalifa now rallied all his remaining forces for a last defence of Omdurman, which had been the capital of the Sudan since the fall of Khartum in 1885. With drums beating and great war-horns sounding, with his black banner streaming in the midst, he marched his fifty thousand black men into the open plains about Omdurman.

Here on September 12, 1898, the battle raged which was to decide the fate of the Khalifa.

Omdurman has been called "a mere massacre of brave warriors rushing on certain death from foemen armed with the best weapons and well trained in their use". Every man of the Khalifa's bodyguard was shot down round the black banner, which flew six foot square from a long bamboo lance adorned with silver.

The battle over, the Sirdar rode to the old town, which was still held by some five thousand men, and entered without opposition. The following Sunday he crossed the river to Khartum, and formed up the troops in the open space which faced the ruined palace where Gordon had perished thirteen years before. Once again British and Egyptian flags flew side by side, and in the noonday sun a Memorial Service was reverently held for one of Britain's dearest heroes.

So the third stage of the reconquest of the Sudan was accomplished.

Gordon's death was avenged by the bringing of a new era of peace, freedom, and order to one of the most oppressed nations of the earth.

The Sirdar was made Governor-General of the new Egyptian Sudan, and the irrigation which Lord Cromer had so successfully improved in Egypt was now planned for the Sudan.

In order to carry out these reforms it was necessary to employ Englishmen, though the climate was ill-suited to them. But there, amid the silent desert land, the endless swamps, the huge spaces, the weary and waterless distances, little bands of Europeans worked out their lives in solitude and discomfort, in order to hasten the dawn of a new era.

And in the dim days to come, when the sands of the desert turn into sugar-plantations, cotton-fields, or stretches of endless wheat, the Egyptian will realize what his land owes to these Englishmen—the creation of a new Egypt.

Chapter XXXI

The British in West Africa

While the Sudan was being brought under law and order by the British, a large tract in West Africa, known to-day as Nigeria, was looking to Britain for protection and help.

In Western Africa lie our oldest possessions. Sierra Leone was the very first portion of African soil formally recognized as British in the eighteenth

century, and was acquired for the purpose of settling freed slaves.

Beside this British colony of Sierra Leone, Britain during the Victorian era purchased adjoining land from the Dutch and the Gold Coast Colony, and spread British influence farther along the coast. But in the hinterland of this newly acquired territory lived a fierce tribe of warriors, known as Ashantis. These Ashantis deeply resented the influence of the British, they felt their trade was now cut off from the coast, and under their black king, Koffee, some 40,000 Ashantis invaded the British protectorate.

" I will carry my golden stool to Cape Coast Castle and there wash it in English blood," said the king, who still indulged in human sacrifices. Britain was obliged to take steps for the safety of her people.

So in 1873 Sir Garnet (afterwards Lord) Wolseley was sent to lead an expedition up country, in order to break the power of the Ashantis. It was January 1874 when a start was made from Cape Coast Castle. A march of 70 miles brought the expedition to Prahsu, the borderland of the Ashantis ; 100 miles of jungle lay between them before they reached the capital, Kumasi ; through dense tropical jungle, with huge trees matted together with creepers, they marched, pressing onward under stifling heat. Some 20 miles from their capital the black army stood in great force. They had chosen a commanding height surrounded by thick bush, and outnumbered their invaders by five to one.

On January 31 a ten-hour battle was fought. It

was one of the many cases in the history of Victoria's reign, when modern warfare triumphed over savage ignorance. Gun and rocket did their work, and a sudden forward sweep of Highlanders, playing their bagpipes the while, dispersed the Ashantis, who fled in the wildest disorder. They left the ground strewn with relics of their flight; umbrellas, drums, muskets lay about with dead and dying men. King Koffee himself, who had watched the battle, seated on his golden stool under a red umbrella, fled with the rest. The British then entered Kumasi—the place of death, which reeked with the blood of human sacrifice. But torrents of rain made the place uninhabitable, and the British were glad to turn their faces towards the coast. Peace reigned for a time.

Lord Wolseley.

But in 1888 King Prempeh succeeded to the throne of the Ashantis, and troubles broke out again. Human sacrifices were restored, and the slave-trade flourished.

In 1896 another expedition was sent to Kumasi. It was accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg —the Queen's son-in-law. But Kumasi was deserted. Not a shot was fired; quietly the troops entered,

and formally annexed the kingdom of the Ashantis to the Gold Coast Colony. The climate was unhealthy. Prince Henry caught fever and died, leaving his wife a widow with four young children.

Changes followed. The British brought peace and prosperity to the savage tribes plunged in the deepest ignorance. The Ashantis welcomed their new masters, missionaries got to work, the country was opened to traders, and shortly after the Queen's death the first railway train steamed into Kumasi.

Meanwhile the great tract known as Nigeria, about four times the size of the British Isles, was being added to the Empire. As Cecil Rhodes added Rhodesia, so another Englishman, Sir George Goldie, added Nigeria to the possessions of the Queen.

In 1886 the Royal Niger Company was formed to trade in the Niger Valley. Foremost among the merchants was one Mr. Goldie Taubman, once an officer in the British Army, a man of keen foresight, courage, and public spirit.

Owing to the energy of these British traders the whole navigable part of the River Niger came under British control; gradually trade developed, treaties were made with native States, till more and more territory came under the Company's direction. But certain districts opposed the advance of civilization, the native chiefs revelled in their slave-trade, and the native State of Benin, ruled by a little band of fetish priests, refused any trading rights within their land. Not only did the men of Benin indulge in human sacrifice, but also crucifixion.

Englishmen could not tolerate the existence of such superstition and cruelty in their midst, and a mission of Europeans was sent to interview the King of Benin. The city stood on the river which flows into the bight of the same name: it was known to be a real death-trap—

> "Beware and take care of the Bight of Benin,
> Whence few come out though many go in."

The mission was made up of seven British officials, two interpreters, two British merchants, and two hundred natives; but while they were yet struggling through the thick bush, before ever they reached the city of Benin, shots rang through the air, and soon the little mission was attacked, and all but two Englishmen were killed. They crept unobserved into shelter, and lived on bananas for five days, till they were rescued by friendly natives.

When the news of the outrage reached England, the Government decided to send an army to punish the offenders. Admiral Rawson with a thousand men and Maxim guns started for a 16-mile march, through thick bush and jungle, for Benin. They took the city by storm, and found a truly appalling state of things. The king had fled, leaving behind a "city of blood" indeed; there were crucified bodies and the remains of human sacrifice amongst other terrors. The city was set on fire, and one of the worst spots in Africa was destroyed. The ruins of the past became a new centre of civilization, and on January 1, 1900, the whole of Nigeria came under the administration of the Crown.

Chapter XXXII

The Transvaal War

While these smaller expeditions were taking place in West Africa, storm-clouds were bursting over South Africa. The question had arisen as to whether that country should be part of the British Empire or whether the two Dutch Republics should become the dominant power in it.

Between the years 1885 and 1895 the Transvaal had, owing to the discovery of gold and the influence of European capital, become the richest and most important State in South Africa.

By 1890 the inrush of outsiders to the Transvaal alarmed the Boers, who prided themselves on their independent Republic under their President, Paul Krüger. Fearful of being swamped by these gold-seeking outsiders, or "Outlanders" as they were called, Krüger raised the franchise, so as to be only obtainable by those who had lived fourteen years in the country. This gave rise to bitter feelings between Outlanders and Boers. The former—eager European adventurers—were creating the wealth of the Transvaal; they were paying heavy taxes to the State, but they were denied the rights of citizenship. In vain were petitions addressed to Krüger.

At last, thoroughly exasperated, the Outlanders of Johannesburg arranged to rise upon a certain night and attack Pretoria. They appealed for help in their

undertaking to Cecil Rhodes, then Prime Minister at the Cape as well as Director of the Chartered Company that administered the affairs of Southern Rhodesia. He allowed Dr. Jameson, Administrator at Rhodesia, to co-operate with the rebel Outlanders.

But the "Jameson Raid", as this incident is called, most deservedly failed. The Outlanders postponed their rising, but Dr. Jameson, with a force of five hundred mounted police of the Chartered Company and three field guns, crossed the Transvaal border, only to be surrounded by Boers and forced to surrender.

President Krüger.

Krüger dealt mercifully with the rebels, and the leaders were handed over to the British Government to be dealt with. But a "grave injury to British influence in South Africa had been done", and all hope of redressing the Outlanders' grievances in the Transvaal was at an end for the present.

The British Government now sent out Sir Alfred

(afterwards Lord) Milner as High Commissioner to the Cape. The appointment was popular with both parties at home. In the summer of 1899 the High Commissioner met Krüger at a Conference at Bloemfontein to discuss, among other matters, the vital question of the franchise.

Agreement was impossible.

Still negotiations continued, Britain to the last hoping for a peaceful settlement of the question. But on October 11, 1899, the Boer ultimatum burst upon the world, President Krüger demanding the recall of British troops, and a war—destined to determine the fate of South Africa and to prove one of the most severe in recent English history—began.

Sir George White.

The two Dutch Republics, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, were well prepared. Under the skilful leadership of Piet Joubert, Cronje, De Wet, and others, thousands of swarthy bearded burghers rode, well armed and well mounted, to war. They knew their country, and they were patriotic to the heart's core.

The British forces under Sir George White, who had but just arrived at the Cape, laboured under great disadvantages. The main body of the army was in Natal. Thither Joubert led his troops, and the opposing forces soon came into conflict. After a fortnight's hard fighting, Sir George White and some 12,000 British troops were besieged by the Boers in Ladysmith. Here they remained for 118 days, till they were relieved by General Buller, but not till one-tenth of them had died from wounds and disease.

Colonel (afterwards General) Sir R. Baden-Powell.

While Joubert was attacking the British in Natal, Cronje was besieging Mafeking—a small place just across the western borders of the Transvaal. In a few weeks Mafeking sprang from obscurity to fame. For 218 days it was ably defended by Colonel Baden-Powell, and the day of its relief was one of almost unparalleled enthusiasm throughout the Empire.

Before the end of October, Kimberley—the diamond city—was also besieged by a formidable force of Boers, and was with difficulty held by Colonel Kekewich. At the end of October the situation in South Africa was sufficiently serious.

While General Buller, the commander-in-chief dispatched from England, sought to relieve Ladysmith, Lord Methuen advanced to the relief of Kimberley. Three battles, all fought within a week, at the end of November, resulted in the loss of 1,000 men to Lord Methuen, and Kimberley was yet unrelieved.

Lord Roberts.

A darker hour yet was to dawn in South Africa. "The week which extended from December 10 to 17, 1899, was the blackest we have known during our generation, and the most disastrous for British arms during this century."

Before details of these reverses had reached England, Lord Roberts of Kandahar, with Lord Kitchener of Khartum as his Chief of Staff, was on his way to South Africa, charged with the supervision of the whole campaign. Already the colonies had given of their best: Australians, Canadians, Tasmanians, New Zealanders had fought shoulder to shoulder

with their British brothers; now yeomen, trained and untrained, poured into the country together with the regulars of the British Army.

Early in the New Year the whole situation changed as if by magic. Resolutely and secretly Lord Roberts had made his plans. By February 15, 1900, Kimberley was relieved; by February 27, Cronje and 5,000 men had been skilfully surrounded and captured at Paardeberg, and the Boer plan of campaign broken up. By March 3, General Buller had relieved Ladysmith.

"A single master-hand had in an instant turned England's night to day."

On March 6 Lord Roberts was able to begin his march to Bloemfontein. Notwithstanding stout resistance from the Boers, he entered the capital of the Orange Free State a week later at the head of his troops. His men, worn with living on half rations and forced marches under semi-tropical sun, swung into the town "with the aspect of Kentish hop-pickers and the bearing of heroes".

It was not till six weeks later that the advance to Pretoria was resumed.

The distance to Pretoria, capital of the Transvaal, the seat of her Government and the home of Krüger, was some 220 miles. The obstacles to be encountered were numerous, the opposition from Boer forces was not slight, the hills surrounding the city were bristling with forts, which the President had announced would "stagger humanity".

Nevertheless, a month later Lord Roberts led his

army into the famous Transvaal capital, from which Krüger had just fled, with the contents of the Treasure House, and from the summit of the Raad-Saal at last floated the Union Jack.

The issue of the war was now no longer uncertain, though a most troublesome and harassing guerrilla warfare continued for two years longer. The finish was left in the hands of Lord Kitchener, to whose organization the final success of the campaign was due.

Thus the two Dutch Republics were annexed to the British Empire, and Lord Roberts returned to England to tell the now dying Queen with his own lips of the heroic courage of her Imperial soldiers on the field of battle.

Before peace was declared the Queen had passed away.

Chapter XXXIII

The Dominion of Canada

Not only in England could the Queen reflect on the breathless activity of the last sixty years. She had but to glance at her great Dominion of Canada, separated by some six days of sea, to realize the colossal work that had been accomplished since her accession to the throne.

Since the days of her Federation the Dominion had increased, not only in area, but in population

and wealth. This was due, not only to the natural resources of the country, the sea, the forest, and the mine, but to the untiring energy, the boundless self-sacrifice, the unceasing toil of Britain's sons and daughters, who have made the Dominion what she is.

There were mighty rivers to be bridged, and great stretches of land to be spanned by railway. Yet no obstacles daunted the Canadians, they never flinched from the gigantic tasks that were set them. With varying success and unvarying determination they steadily pursued the quiet development of the country, till the complete triumph of their efforts was visible. What they wanted was more labour, more emigrants from home to help.

At the Queen's death they had possessed themselves of a country thirty times the size of the British Isles, and they had only one person every square mile. All through the great Victorian age the Canadians were crying to their fellows in Britain to come out to the new lands and till them. But the British emigrated all too slowly, and men from the United States settled in large numbers on the land.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of the century was the construction of the wonderful railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean—3,000 miles from shore to shore It was a scheme vast beyond all others in those days, overshadowing all railway engineering in the whole world. On Dominion Day, 1886, the Canadian Pacific Railway was triumphantly opened, and passengers could travel from Quebec to Vancouver in a week.

Having thus established means of communication, Canada developed her resources rapidly. Her chief means of wealth lay in agriculture, minerals, forests, and fisheries. The country has been called the

Locomotive on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

" Granary of the Empire " and the " Bread-basket of the World ". Wheat-growing was her main industry, and at the Queen's death nearly half her population were engaged on farms, gardens, and orchards.

Education and co-operation soon produced results throughout the Dominion which have brought ever-

increasing wealth to the people. School gardens, Colleges of Agriculture, special teachers, and departments of research reduced agriculture to a science, and caused the fertile land to yield superabundant crops.

The rush to Klondyke goldfields in 1897 led men to turn their thoughts towards the mineral resources of the country, though the silver mines at Cobalt had already promised to be among the richest in the world, the coalfields of Nova Scotia had become famous, and the prospects of the Dominion as an iron-producing land were looking brighter year by year.

The forests of Canada covered an area six times the size of France, and contained an almost inexhaustible supply of timber. They contained 120 different kinds of trees, including pine, oak, elm, beech, maple, and walnut. Here was timber for providing the finest cabinet wood, masts for the largest sailing ships, planks and even paper largely made from the pulp of spruce and poplar. The great logs were floated down the broad rivers in their millions to the ports, whence they were shipped across the ocean. She sent her largest quantities to Britain and the United States.

Her fisheries, with her 13,000 miles of coast-line, were the largest in the world, and afforded employment to 80,000 of her inhabitants.

On the Atlantic coast, cod, lobster, herring, mackerel, and haddock were the principal fish; the great lakes supplied trout, pike, and sturgeon; while British Columbia produced vast quantities of salmon.

A Canadian Wheat-field.

Such, then, were the products of the Dominion, of which more than half were taken by the Mother Country and about a quarter by the United States. Such, indeed, was her trade with Britain, that in the year 1897 Canada decided in favour of a customs arrangement with Great Britain and her colonies, the goods imported from these parts of the Empire coming into the Dominion on payment of one-third less duties than those levied on goods coming from other countries.

Chapter XXXIV

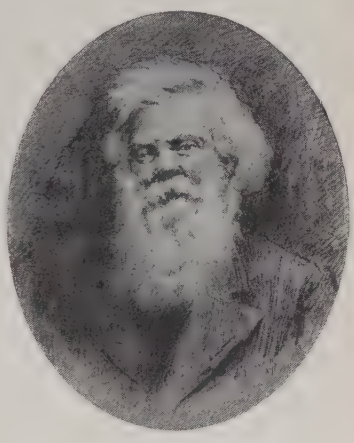
The Australian Commonwealth

In spite of the triumphant success of Federation in Canada, the passing years found Australia still holding aloof from the idea of union. At the close of the century there were six great self-governing colonies—Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and the Island of Tasmania.

Each of these had their own separate existence, their own Governor, Government, and trade regulations. In addition to this, the States were separated from one another by six hostile tariffs, six postal and telegraphic systems, and six defence forces. But as the railway system spread from town to town, breaking down the barrier boundaries, inevitable

quarrels arose, long-smouldering jealousies burst forth between State and State, and impossible situations were created.

Gradually the idea of union grew, and in 1889 an important step was taken by Sir Henry Parkes, resulting in a great conference being held at Melbourne, with representatives from each of the seven States. In 1891 he presided over a National Convention at Sydney, and resolutions were drawn up, but the obstacles to a closer union seemed insurmountable, and no definite results were achieved.



Sir Henry Parkes.

In the year 1897, the Premiers having returned from attending the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in London, another convention met at Adelaide at which all the States save New Zealand were represented. A Constitution was drafted, but it was not till 1900 that it met with the final approval of the six States of the Australian nation and was dispatched to England for the royal assent.

The Bill provided for a Governor-General to represent the sovereign, two Houses, consisting of a Senate with six representatives from each of the six States,

to be elected for six years, and a House of Representatives, containing twice the number in the Senate, elected for three years—all members to receive £400 a year for their services. It was the last important document signed by the Queen, some six months before her death, and in order to show her sympathy with this act of true courage on the part of her daughter nation, she wished that her grandson, the Duke of York, and his wife, should go in person to Australia to open the first Federal Parliament.

The Duke of York, afterwards King George V.

Though the Queen herself passed away in the New Year of 1901, it was the new King's wish that his mother's command should be loyally obeyed. And it was a memorable day in the short history of the island-continent when the great white *Ophir* steamed into Melbourne Bay, and the heir-apparent to the British throne set foot on Australian soil.

His welcome was cordial and enthusiastic, as through gaily decorated streets, lined with some twelve thousand troops from all parts of Australia,

the future king and queen went to the great Parliament House. As the Prince declared the Parliament open, a message of congratulation was flashed from the King in England: "My thoughts are with you.

The *Ophir*.

Most fervently do I wish Australia prosperity and great happiness." Then trumpets blared, guns fired a royal salute, and the vast crowds, still in mourning for their late Queen, cheered to the echo, while at a given signal the Union Jack was hoisted on every school in the new Commonwealth.

Chapter XXXV

The Passing of the Queen

THE opening of the new century found the war in South Africa still dragging wearily on, though the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, was able to return home, leaving the end to Lord Kitchener of Khartum. The Queen had sorrowed deeply over the war: it had undoubtedly clouded the last years of her life: she had longed for the tidings of peace, but these came too late for her to hear.

Vague rumours had reached the outside world that all was not well with the Queen, but nothing definite was known outside the Court circle. She insisted on an interview with Lord Roberts, so that she might hear with her own ears the prospects of peace. To those who saw her ever-increasing weakness, there was cause for alarm in the coming interview on such a critical subject as the war. But the Queen was firm, and she gathered together her sinking energies for this final task.

This was early in January. Some days later an alarm was sounded: "The Queen had not been lately in her usual health." Through the length and breadth of her great Empire the news ran, causing widespread anxiety. It was followed by a yet more ominous announcement: "The Queen was suffering from physical prostration."

Men recalled her eighty-one years, her strenuous life, her sorrows and anxieties, her ceaseless toil, and shook their heads. On Sunday, January 20th, the tidings grew yet more serious, and few can forget the heavy gloom that settled down over the country.

Two days later she passed peacefully away, and the longest reign in the annals of British history was over.

Never through the long centuries had monarch been more beloved than was Britain's great Queen, Victoria. "She passed away", said one of her statesmen, "without an enemy in the world, for even those who loved not England loved her."

She was mourned with a depth of reality to which few parallels can be found in the history of nations. All jealousies were forgotten; and her personal character, now fully understood in its kindliness, its simplicity, its unshrinking devotion to duty, its purity and goodness, inspired universal respect and genuine affection. From every part of the world came expressions of love and admiration, and the solemn funeral military procession through the heart of the Empire testified to the world-wide sorrow.

They laid her, not with the other kings and queens of England in Westminster Abbey, but at Windsor, beside him whom she had loved and who forty years before had been laid there.

Little else was spoken of but the Queen's wonderful reign. Her subjects loved to dwell on her high example as wife and mother. They spoke of how simply and naturally she had brought up her children,

how she had encouraged their work and play, how she had surrounded them with her great mother love, and how, when the trouble of her life came to her with the death of the Prince Consort, her children were her strength and her comfort.

Three of her children had passed on before her. In 1878 the Princess Alice, wife of Prince Louis of Hesse, died of diphtheria, caught from nursing one of her children. Six years later Leopold, Duke of Albany, died, leaving a widow and two young children, while only a few months before her own death she lost her second son, Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh and Saxe-Coburg Gotha.

Three grandsons of the Queen died before the dawn of the twentieth century; for the Duke of Clarence, heir after the Prince of Wales to the throne, succumbed to an attack of influenza in 1892, Prince Alfred of Edinburgh died before his father, and Prince Christian Victor died in the South African War.

But even private sorrows were never allowed to interfere with affairs of State, which weighed unceasingly upon her, often overwhelming her with work and anxiety.

During the last thirty-nine years of her life she only opened Parliament in person seven times, neither had she prorogued Parliament once since 1854. But if these State functions had become impossible to her, she never lost her hold on the real business of the State. No sovereign of England ever studied more closely than Queen Victoria every detail of Government policy; no sovereign ever corresponded

Funeral Procession of Queen Victoria.

more energetically with her ever-changing Ministers of State.

When she came to the throne, the Government of the country was almost entirely in the hands of the rich men and middle class of Britain; the people had no voice in the laws of the land. When she died, the Government was passing into the hands of the people. Yet, despite these fundamental changes, the Queen maintained the Constitution in a way it had never been maintained before; she became the very heart and centre of that Imperial Unity that every passing year left stronger and more true.

Chapter XXXVI

The Trade of the Empire

The British Isles—the cradle of the British race—has during the Victorian era acquired an Empire overseas a hundred times her own size.

At her death, in 1901, the Queen was ruler over one-fifth of the earth's surface, and more than one-fifth of the world's inhabitants.

The story of how she possessed herself of so large a share of the world's richest lands has already been told. We have seen how the missionaries, the adventurers, the explorers found, discovered, colonized the new lands, and the traders invariably followed.

Thus the British Empire was founded on trade, and exists on trade. Before ever the Queen came to the throne Britain, by reason of her steam power and ready production of coal and iron, had turned from an agricultural to a manufacturing country; and at the time of the Queen's accession she had already had a long start of the rest of the world. Added to this, she had also the command of the sea, and the finest merchant service in the world.

As new lands came under the Queen's sway, the people in these new lands naturally looked to Britain to supply their needs. They needed materials for development and protection, they needed the luxuries of modern civilized life. Britain then circulated throughout the Empire arms and ammunition for their defence, machinery and tools for their manufactures, railway, telegraph, and electrical appliances for their closer communication, steel-work for their bridges, water and gas pipes, ready-made clothing of cotton and wool, soap, candles, books, pictures, glass, china, drugs, pianos, and all the thousand necessaries which they could obtain from her.

In return, as the new countries grew and developed, they were able to produce more food-stuffs than their own small populations could consume. They therefore sent their supplies home to the Mother Country, which no longer could supply herself with food. There was a further reason—the Mother Country exacted no duties on goods brought into the country; she indulged in a system of Free Trade, while most other countries demanded that duties should be paid.

Thus—roughly—Great Britain sent one-third of her exports to the colonies, receiving one-quarter of her total imports from them; and as the British Isles were now for the most part manufacturing, and the colonies were mainly agricultural and pastoral, the exchange was highly beneficial to both.

To sum up, about the time of the Queen's death—

Canada was sending home one-half of her total exports—wheat, bacon, cheese, salt, fish, eggs, apples, furs, skins, leather, timber and wood-pulp—receiving in return one-quarter of her total imports from Great Britain.

Australia also sent half her exports home. Amongst these were wool, tallow, fresh mutton, preserved meat, silver and gold ore, hides, furs, skins, wheat and flour, butter, rabbits, and wine. She received in return one-half of her imports.

New Zealand sent three-quarters of her total exports home, including wool, gold, grain, hides, skins, butter, and cheese, receiving in return three-fifths of her imports.

South Africa sent four-fifths of her total exports home, including gold, diamonds, and other precious stones, ostrich feathers, skins, hides, furs, receiving in return three-fifths of her imports.

India sent a quarter of her exports home, including rice, cotton and silk, jute, oil, seeds, tea, coffee, and teak. She received from Great Britain half her total imports.

Thus Great Britain's colonial trade represented one-quarter of her entire trade with the rest of the world.

But not only was this interchange of wealth going on between the Mother Country and her colonies, but the colonies traded very freely with one another; thus Australia and New Zealand supplied South Africa with frozen meat and butter, Canada sent largely to Australia, the West Indies, &c.

But the Mother Country was still the great imperial banker of all her colonial possessions. She was still the heart of the empire. "She pumps the life-giving stream of capital through a thousand arteries to every limb of the imperial body." She was not only a trader, but the greatest banker in the world. And this enabled her to build up her vast Empire. To keep her trade she had to preserve her trade routes and coaling stations, she linked together every part of her scattered possessions by submarine cables, she added ships yearly to her huge mercantile marine, until, at the Queen's death, she owned half the carrying trade of the whole world.

At the Queen's accession, Great Britain employed 624 steamers and thirty times as many sailing ships to carry her commerce far and wide to foreign lands. At her death there were over 9,000 steamers, carrying seventy times the old tonnage, and 10,773 sailing ships, large and small. But even as the last years of the great age died away, and the Queen passed to her well-earned rest, shadows were beginning to fall athwart the horizon of Britain's trade prospects.

The vital value of sea power was dawning on the growing nations of the world; the United States and Germany were putting forth strenuous efforts

to compete with Britain's great merchant service, and were building great fleets for their protection.

The fact that Britain almost alone of all nations had Free Trade (her import duties being mainly on spirits, tobacco, tea, wine, cocoa, chicory, coffee, and dried fruits) was beginning to make itself felt in the great competition for trade that was springing up throughout the world, and men were beginning to consider the possibility of a change.

The Queen died when her empire of trade was yet at its height, leaving her vast heritage to those who may have to decide its destiny before very long.

Chapter XXXVII

The British Empire

It only remains for us to review very briefly the past, and by its strong light to peer tentatively forward into the dim and unknown future.

We have noted the chief forces at work, without which the Empire could never have existed—the use of steam and the discovery of coal and iron, which had already turned Britain from an agricultural to a manufacturing and wealthy country; the consequent and rapid growth of her population, necessitating expansion; the existence of that old Viking spirit to do and dare which urged Englishmen of the nineteenth century to go forth and colonize new

lands beyond the seas: the mutual trading between the mother country and her daughter nations that naturally followed; the development of rapid communication, and the triumph of British ship-building.

These are but the leading features of this "live and throbbing Age", which has seen the growth of the British Empire, the burden of which will rest upon the shoulders of the children of to-day. It will be well, then, to glance for a moment at the government of these possessions in order to rightly understand that responsibility.

As each colony grew in strength, it demanded the right of self-government. Britain conceded this right at once, and local government was granted by Act of Parliament, while a British Governor was sent from home to uphold English traditions, and, on important matters, to consult the British Government.

But as communications grew closer by reason of railway and telegraph, it became inconvenient for each colony to have its own Governor and its separate code of laws, friction ensued, and the separate States in each continent found it better to unite under one Governor-General.

Canada, at the Queen's death, had a constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom, at the head of which was the Queen, represented by a Governor-General, a Privy Council, a Senate, and a House of Commons, composed of members from the States of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, British Columbia, Prince Edward Island, and the North-West territories.

Australia, at the Queen's death, had decided on a federation, to be managed by a Governor-General, an Executive Council, a Senate, and a House of Representatives, consisting of members from New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania. New Zealand was invited to join this federation, but she could not see her way; so she had a Governor, who was also her Commander-in-Chief, a Legislative Council, and a House of Representatives.

The Federation of the States of Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and Rhodesia was not even foreshadowed in South Africa on the death of the Queen.

Though based on the constitution of the mother country, each of these English-speaking nations was free and their independent freedom was shown in many different ways. None of them adopted Britain's system of Free Trade, none of them instituted a State Church, two of them gave votes to women, and most of them paid their members of Parliament.

On the other hand, they looked to Britain for their defence by sea, to Britain's wealth and support in commercial enterprise, to Britain's industry for their railways, telegraphs, clothing, and other luxuries.

And above and beyond this material dependence, the colonists still looked on Great Britain as Home. It was still the land of their forefathers, and though divided by thousands of miles of sea from each other and from the Mother Country, they felt they were all one land.

" The snows of the Canadian Rockies, the woods of New Zealand, the great plains of Australia, the lonely veldt of South Africa, the crowded streets of London—the heart of the Empire—belonged to one People. Their pleasures and troubles—their glories and misfortunes, their riches and poverty, their men and women, above all their problems, belonged to all."

But there were other parts of the Empire which did not manage their own affairs, whose people were not English-born, but who were under the direct control of Great Britain.

Of these Dependencies, the most important was India, with its three hundred millions of dark-skinned races. The Englishman who lived in India was there either to govern, to defend, or to trade. The country was governed by a British Viceroy representing the Queen, Empress of India, assisted by two Governors, four Lieutenant-Governors, and several Chief Commissioners, but in no sense was it a home for the English.

Burma, too, was included under the Viceroy of India, with a Lieutenant-Governor of her own.

The Straits Settlements were not under the Viceroy, but under a British Governor, who was also High Commissioner for the Federated Malay States and for North Borneo.

The West Indies had six British Governors, the Falkland Islands had one, British Guiana one, British Honduras one, Fiji and the Western Pacific Islands had one ; while the many " stepping-stones " of the

Empire—Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Aden, St. Helena, Mauritius, Ceylon, Hong Kong, and Wei-hai-Wei—had each their British Governor or High Commissioner.

The British Protectorate of Uganda was under a Commissioner, the East Africa Protectorate was under a High Commissioner, Zanzibar under a Consul-General, Nigeria under two High Commissioners, Bechuanaland and Basutoland under Resident Commissioners.

Egypt was not a generally recognized Protectorate; she occupied an entirely unique position. Britain inspired her government, officered her army, managed her military occupation, and guided her finance. An Englishman represented the Queen in Cairo, a British Governor-General ruled the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. And because the whole world, as well as Egypt herself, benefits by this control, the great Powers agreed to this arrangement.

It is hard to realize at home what the Empire owed to the men guiding the destinies of these distant lands beyond the seas. Some of them were, at the Queen's death, ruling over countries far larger than England; some lived on lonely islands far from home, some were spending their lives amid unhealthy surroundings; all were statesmen upholding the best traditions of Great Britain, facing dangers, solving problems, giving to others what Englishmen had through long centuries won for themselves, ever mindful of Britain's glory, ever true to Britain's Queen.

Such was the varied collection of Colonies, Dependencies, Islands, and Protectorates which gradually fell under British sway, and were known after the Queen's death as the " Dominions beyond the Seas ".

Toward the end of the Queen's long reign the word " Empire " was more often used for these overseas possessions, for it included the Mother Country—it included also a future of wonderful possibilities.

For the government of Britain was passing into the hands of the People, and the spirit of individual citizenship, with its great responsibilities, was breaking over the country even as the breathless Victorian age was passing away.

The British Empire, 1901

UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

EUROPE—

Gibraltar, Malta.

ASIA—

Aden-Perim, Sokota, &c.
Behrein Islands.
Borneo (British).
Ceylon.
Cyprus.
Hong Kong.
India and Dependencies (Baluchistan, Sikkim, Andaman Islands, Nicobar Islands, Laccadive Islands).
Labuan.
Straits Settlements.
Federated Malay States.
State of Johor.
Keeling or Cocos Islands.
Christmas Island.
Wei-hai-Wei.

AFRICA—

Ascension Island.
Basutoland.
Bechuanaland (Protectorate).
Cape of Good Hope.
Central Africa, British (Protectorate).
East Africa (British).
East Africa (Protectorate).
Uganda (Protectorate).
Zanzibar.

AFRICA—(*continued*).

Mauritius
Natal.
Nigeria, North and South.
Orange River Colony.
Rhodesia.
St. Helena.
Tristan da Cunha.
Seychelles.
Somaliland.
Transvaal.
Swaziland.
West African Colonies.
(The Gold Coast—Lagos, Gambia, Sierra Leone).

AMERICA—

Bermudas.
Canada.
Falkland Islands.
Guiana (British).
Honduras (British).
Newfoundland and Labrador.
West Indies (Bahamas, Barbados, Jamaica, Leeward Islands, Trinidad, Windward Islands).

AUSTRALASIA AND OCEANIA—

New South Wales.
Victoria.
Queensland.
South Australia.
Western Australia.
Tasmania.
New Guinea (British).
New Zealand.
Fiji Islands.
Pacific Islands (Tonga, &c.).

Chief Events of the Reign of Victoria

1837. Accession of Queen Victoria.
Electric telegraph.
1838. Lord Durham to Canada.
Aden ceded to England.
1839. The Durham Report.
Annexation of New Zealand.
First Bradshaw's Railway Guide.
1840. Union of Canada.
War with Egypt.
Transportation abolished.
Invasion of Afghanistan.
Penny post introduced.
Marriage of the Queen.
1841. Chinese Opium War.
Hong Kong ceded to England.
Birth of the Prince of Wales.
1842. First Afghan War.
Introduction of Income Tax.
Chartist petition.
1843 Natal—a British Colony.
Gold Coast—a Crown Colony.
Annexation of Sind.
1845. Failure of potato crops.
1846. Irish famine.
Free Trade.
First public baths.
Labuan—a Crown Colony.
1848. Chartist petition.

1848. Chloroform first used.
Queen's College open to women.
Revolution in France.
1849. Annexation of Punjab.
1850. Discovery of gold in Australia.
Australian Constitution.
Death of Sir Robert Peel.
Tennyson made Poet Laureate.
1851. Great Exhibition.
Victoria separates from New South Wales.
1852. Death of Duke of Wellington.
Free libraries started.
Independence of Transvaal recognized.
1853. Gladstone's first Budget.
1854. Crimean War.
Colonial Office organized.
1856. Annexation of Oudh.
1857. Indian Mutiny.
1858. End of East India Company.
British Columbia founded.
1859. Darwin's *Origin of Species.*
Queensland—separate colony.
1861. Death of Prince Consort.
Paper duties abolished.
Torpedo shells introduced.
Lagos occupied.
1862. American Civil War.
Lancashire cotton famine.
1863. Marriage of the Prince of Wales.
1864. Ashanti War.
1865. Death of Lord Palmerston.
Atlantic cable laid.
1867. Reform Bill.
Federation of Canada.

1867. Straits Settlements—Crown Colony.
Bicycles used.
1868. Abyssinian Expedition.
Basutoland Protectorate.
1869. Disestablishment of the Irish Church.
Opening of Suez Canal.
1870. Elementary Education Act.
Franco-German War.
Telephones and postcards used.
Death of Charles Dickens.
1871. Recognition of Trade Unions.
Bank Holidays begun.
1872. *Alabama* arbitration.
1874. Ashanti War.
Annexation of Fiji Islands.
Famine in India.
1875. Purchase of Suez Canal shares.
Prince of Wales to India.
1876. Compulsory education.
Death of David Livingstone.
1877. Annexation of Transvaal.
Queen called Empress of India.
1878. Treaty of Berlin.
Cyprus annexed.
1879. Zulu War.
1880. Second Afghan War.
1881. Death of Lord Beaconsfield.
Death of Thomas Carlyle.
Discovery of gold in South Africa.
Majuba Hill. Independence of Transvaal.
1882. Murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish in Ireland.
Bombardment of Alexandria.
1885. Death of Gordon at Khartum.
Abandonment of Sudan.

1885. Bechuanaland under British Protection.
1886. Home Rule Bill for Ireland brought in.
Somaliland Protectorate.
1887. First Colonial Conference.
Queen's Jubilee.
1888. County Councils.
New Guinea—Crown Colony.
British East Africa Company.
1889. Annexation of Burma.
Death of R. Browning.
British South Africa Company.
Rhodesia occupied.
1891. Free Education.
British Central Africa Company.
1892. Death of Lord Tennyson.
1893. Second Home Rule Bill rejected.
Women's vote in New Zealand.
Matabele War.
1895. Mr. Chamberlain—Colonial Secretary.
Siege of Chitral.
1896. Ashanti War.
Jameson Raid.
1897. Queen's Diamond Jubilee.
Colonial Conference.
1898. Death of Mr. Gladstone.
Battle of Omdurman.
Wei-hai-Wei leased.
1899. South African War.
1900. Siege of Pekin legations.
Annexation of Transvaal.
Annexation of Orange River Colony.
1901. Australian Commonwealth.
Death of Queen Victoria.
Accession of Edward VII.

Daddy was b

Questions

Chapter I

1. Give the names of (*a*) three Relatives, (*b*) two Statesmen, (*c*) three Royal Residences mentioned in this chapter, and say what you can of each.

2. Describe briefly the coronation of Queen Victoria.

3. "Poor little Queen!" Who said that? Why?

4. The Princess Victoria became Queen on 1837; she died on 1901, having reigned for 63½. Insert the dates.

Chapter II

1. Imagine a Rip Van Winkle, who had gone to sleep in the early days of Queen Victoria, awaking in our own time. Make up some questions he might ask and the answers you would give.

2. What things now in common use were not invented when Victoria ascended the throne?

3. What do you know of—(*a*) George Stephenson, (*b*) Rowland Hill, (*c*) The *Great Western*?

4. Compare a railway journey between London and Liverpool in the year 1837 with the same journey to-day.

Chapter III

1. Give a short account of Lord Durham's work (*a*) in Canada, (*b*) in England.

2. "He sailed from Quebec—a proud but broken-hearted man."

Why was he broken-hearted?

3. A great soldier and a great sailor are mentioned in this chapter.

Say who they are and what each did for England.

4. " Our armies have been strengthened by the addition of many hundreds of loyal sons from Australia and New Zealand." *The Times*, March 1915.

Why would this have been impossible at the time of Queen Victoria's accession ?

5. Name and describe the condition of some of the undeveloped British possessions mentioned in this chapter.

Chapter IV

1. Give a brief description of South Africa at the time of Queen Victoria's accession.

2. The struggle for South Africa has been a struggle between the Dutch and the British.

Give an outline sketch of this struggle.

3. What incidents are connected with the following : Algoa Bay, Bloemfontein, Weenen, Durban ?

4. Tell how Natal was secured for the British.

Chapter V

1. How was India governed at the time of Queen Victoria's accession ?

2. What has this chapter to tell you of Sir Alexander Burnes, Dost Mohammed, Akbar Khan, General Sale ?

3. What events led up to the murder of the British Minister at Kabul ?

4. Draw a word-picture of the retreat through the Khyber Pass.

5. Name some of the products of India mentioned in this chapter.

Chapter VI

1. Lord Shaftesbury has been called "the Children's Champion". From what you have read in this chapter show that he deserved this title.

2. "They were just little beasts of burden."

To whom do these words refer? What is there in this chapter to show that these words were true?

3. In 1847 the famous Ten Hours' Bill was passed. What did this Bill do for the manual workers of England?

Chapter VII

1. "Thousands of workpeople who had supported themselves on home industries were thrown out of work." Explain how this came to pass and mention some of the results of this.

2. Give a short account of the rise and progress of the Chartist movement.

3. What is meant by "Universal Suffrage"?

4. Do you think the workers of Britain have received any benefits from the Chartist movement? If so, say what they are.

Chapter VIII

1. What do you understand by the following terms: (*a*) Home Rule, (*b*) Nationalist, (*c*) Catholic Emancipation, (*d*) Repeal of the Union?

2. Give a brief summary of Daniel O'Connell's work for Ireland.

3. Imagine you had travelled through Ireland at the time of the potato famine and describe what you saw.

4. Mention an important after-effect of the famine.

Chapter IX

1. What do you understand by the "Repeal of the Corn Laws"? What classes of people were opposed to the Repeal, and why?

2. Name two champions of Free Trade and two of Protection. Say very briefly what you know of each.

3. In this chapter a word-picture of Disraeli is given. Reproduce it as nearly as you can.

4. What are some of the results of Free Trade mentioned in this chapter?

5. Do you think Free Trade is beneficial or not? Give your reasons.

Chapter X

1. "The work of building up Australia was carried on both by statesmen at home and by the Colonists themselves." Say in a few words how each contributed to this.

2. What reasons were given by Lord John Russell for helping our colonies?

3. "So rapid was the growth of New South Wales . . ." ". . . Perth grew slowly." Give some reasons for the different rates of growth.

4. In 1840 a famous gathering took place on the shores of the Bay of Islands in New Zealand. Describe this event and name some of the results of this meeting.

5. What was the cause of the Maori War, and how was it terminated?

Chapter XI

1. What was the object of the Great Exhibition of 1851?
2. Give as nearly as you can Queen Victoria's words on the opening of the Great Exhibition.
3. Describe the Exhibition itself—(*a*) the building, (*b*) the contents. By what name is the building now known?

Chapter XII

1. What was the origin of the Crimean War? Name the countries engaged in it?
2. It is said that history repeats itself. Do you notice any points (*a*) of resemblance, (*b*) of difference, between the present war (1915) and the Crimean War?
3. Sebastopol, Alma, Balaclava, are mentioned in this chapter. Tell briefly what is said of each.
4. "It is magnificent, but it is not war." Describe the event which called forth these words.
5. How many years have passed since the Crimean War?

Chapter XIII

1. Why has Inkermann been called the "Soldiers' Battle"?
2. Give a short account of the work of Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War.
3. "The terrible winters of the Crimea had to be faced by the Allies." What were some of the terrors and hardships referred to?
4. "The Queen herself fastened the decoration on to the coats." Say what you know of the decoration to which reference is here made.
5. Who or what were—Malakoff, Redan, Lord Raglan, Sebastopol, Todleben, Scutari?

Chapter XIV

1. Give an outline of Lord Dalhousie's work in India.
2. Name some of the causes contributing to the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny.
3. What towns are mentioned in this chapter in connexion with the Mutiny?
4. In June a revolt of the Sepoys took place under Nana Sahib. On July 17, Havelock reached the outskirts of Cawnpore. Describe briefly what happened in Cawnpore between these two dates.
5. Give a description of Havelock's march to Cawnpore.

Chapter XV

1. "The famous siege of Lucknow." Give an account of its defence and relief.
2. "Delhi was captured under the leadership of the 'Lion of the Punjab'." Describe the leader and the siege.
3. Give the names of six British soldiers famous in the history of the Indian Mutiny.
4. What changes took place in the Government of India after the Mutiny?

Chapter XVI

1. What was the object of Sir John Franklin's Expedition?
2. Name the two explorers sent to search for Sir John Franklin's party and say what each accomplished.
3. Describe some of the difficulties of Arctic Exploration.
4. Give the names of some famous explorers in the North and South Polar Regions.

Chapter XVII

1. "Livingstone prepared the way for civilization in Central Africa." Give some facts to show the truth of this statement.

2. "Most of Central Africa was blank upon our maps." Name some of the places which Livingstone and Stanley "placed on the map".

3. Franklin and Livingstone were both giants of perseverance. What points (*a*) of resemblance, (*b*) of difference, do you notice in their lives?

4. Give a brief description of Stanley's journey in the basin of the Congo.

5. Mark the following places on a map of Africa: Algoa Bay, Bechuanaland, Kalahari Desert, Lake Nyami, Victoria Falls, Tanganyika, Victoria Nyanza, Albert Nyanza, Nyassaland, R. Congo, Lake Bangweolo, Zanzibar, Uganda.

Chapter XVIII

1. Name some of the improvements brought about in Egypt under Mehemet Ali and his successors.

2. What names are connected with the discovery of Albert Nyanza and Victoria Nyanza?

3. Give a brief description of Gordon's work in the Sudan.

4. Say what you can of each of the following: Ferdinand de Lesseps, Sir Samuel Baker.

Chapter XIX

1. "The flag of England flew bearing the magic letters H.B.C." What picture does this sentence bring up in your mind?

2. The Federal Union of British North America. What is it? Name the territories forming it. What colony stands outside it?

3. "The little British possession of 1759 was now thirty times the size of the Mother Country." Describe briefly the part played by (*a*) furs, (*b*) wheat, (*c*) gold, in helping this growth.

4. "The deed was finally accomplished by a British ship amid universal rejoicing." What is here referred to? Name some of the results of this deed.

Chapter XX

1. Give some headings for a few paragraphs on the work of Disraeli (*a*) before, (*b*) after, he became Prime Minister.

2. "Britain awoke to find herself in possession of half the Suez Canal shares." Say how this came about and what were some of the results.

3. What is the meaning of the abbreviation "Ind: Imp." engraved on our coins?

4. "Peace with honour." Name the events which gave rise to this expression.

5. What do you understand by the term "Imperialist"? What acts of Lord Beaconsfield point to the fact that he deserved this title?

Chapter XXI

1. How do you account for the large number of Irish in the United States?

2. Say what you can about the Fenians—their rise, efforts, and failure.

3. "Mr. Gladstone became champion of the Irish." Give a brief account of his efforts as a statesman on their behalf.

4. Reproduce as much as you can of the paragraph beginning: "The Irish Church", cried Mr. Lowe, "is like . . ."

Chapter XXII

1. "A new town—Kimberley—sprang up." What was the cause of its sudden growth?

2. What reasons were given for the annexation of the Transvaal in 1877 and for the restoration of its independence in 1881?

3. Give a brief summary of events which led up to the disaster of (*a*) Isandhlwana, (*b*) Majuba.

4. Describe the defence of Rorke's Drift.

5. Who were (*a*) the leaders, (*b*) the opponents, of the British in each of the engagements mentioned above (3)?

Chapter XXIII

1. "This is my dream," cried Cecil Rhodes, "all this [from the Cape to the River Zambesi] to be English." Describe the part played by (*a*) the Mashonaland Pioneers, (*b*) Dr. Jameson, in making this dream a reality.

2. Give a brief account of the events which led to the death of Major Alan Wilson and his party.

3. Say what you know of each of the following: Selous, Lo-Bengula, Bulawayo, Salisbury.

Chapter XXIV

1. Give a short account of the rise and fall of Arabi Pasha's rebellion.

2. What was the "Dual Control"? How came Britain to have sole control?

3. Write short notes on the Mahdi.

4. What was the object of Gordon's mission to Khartum ?

5. " He [Gordon] failed gloriously." What events told in this chapter justify this expression ?

Chapter XXV

1. Imagine you had been a spectator at Queen Victoria's Jubilee and describe what you saw.

2. Name some of the Royal Persons mentioned as being in the procession.

3. What is the meaning of the word " Jubilee " ? To whom do we owe the idea of a " Jubilee " ?

Chapter XXVI

1. It has been said that " to see the procession at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee was to see all the world ". In what sense is this true ?

2. " The Queen's wise consent to democratic demands." What do you understand by the words " democratic demands " ? Name some of the demands mentioned in the course of this history as having been granted.

3. " Britain stood as the centre of a world-wide Empire." Name some of the parts of the Empire outside the British Isles.

4. Make a list of some of the changes brought about in British life during Queen Victoria's reign.

Chapter XXVII

1. Say what changes had taken place between the time of Queen Victoria's accession and her death, with regard to food, education, crime, newspapers, child labour, conditions of the poor.

2. What is a County Council? Name some of its powers.

3. "Perhaps the greatest change came from the cheapening of food." Name some of the food-stuffs mentioned in this chapter, and the countries from which each is obtained.

Chapter XXVIII

1. Below are the names of some famous scientists of Queen Victoria's reign. Give a short note on the work of each. (*a*) Sir John Herschel, (*b*) Lord Kelvin, (*c*) Sir William Hooker, (*d*) Charles Darwin, (*e*) Sir Joseph Lister.

2. "At the beginning of Victoria's reign the State took no interest in the public health." Name some of the improvements brought about by the Board of Health.

3. "Surgery was robbed of half its terrors." Comment on this.

4. Complete the following:—(*a*) Prevention of small-pox by . . .; (*b*) new treatment of consumption by . . .; (*c*) diminution of cholera by . . .; (*d*) preventing the spread of infectious complaints by . . .

5. Name three inventions connected with speedy communication which were in their infancy when Victoria died, but which are now quite common.

Chapter XXIX

1. Contrast the start of Disraeli with that of Gladstone in the race for political power. What were the views of the two statesmen on Free Trade?

2. Name some of the measures brought about under Mr. Gladstone's administration.

3. Give a brief explanation of—" budget ", " Free Trade ", " Prime Minister ", " Chancellor of the Exchequer ", " Cabinet ", " Reform Bill ".

4. " On the day that Gladstone died, the world lost its greatest citizen." Can you justify this expression ?

Chapter XXX

1. " In days to come the Egyptian will realize that he owes to Englishmen the creation of a new Egypt." Describe briefly the part played by (*a*) Lord Cromer, (*b*) Lord Kitchener, in this creation.

2. Give short notes on—Khalifa, Sirdar, Khedive, Assuan Dam.

3. Give in outline an account of the reconquest of the Sudan. Name some of the results of this reconquest.

Chapter XXXI

1. What was the cause of Sir Garnet Wolseley's expedition against the Ashantis ?

2. Give a short description of his march to Kumasi.

3. (A) " The whole of the Niger came under British control." (B) " On January 1, 1900, the whole of Nigeria came under the administration of the Crown." What is the difference in meaning between these two statements ? Give a brief summary of events in the basin of the Niger between (A) and (B) above.

4. Write short notes on—Sir Garnet Wolseley, Admiral Rawson, King Prempeh.

Chapter XXXII

1. Who were the "Outlanders"? What was their grievance against the Boers?

2. "The Jameson Raid deservedly failed." Say what you know of this raid. What do you think of the expression "deservedly failed"?

3. Give as completely as you can a table of events in South Africa from the time of Lord Milner's appointment to the annexation of the two Republics.

4. In what connexion do the following expressions occur:—(*a*) "Stagger humanity", (*b*) "guerrilla warfare", (*c*) "with the aspect of Kentish hop-pickers and the bearing of heroes"?

Chapter XXXIII

1. Give a short account of the part played by railways in the development of Canada.

2. Name some of the causes which have contributed to the rapid increase in prosperity of Canada.

3. What special measure tended to increase the trade between Canada and the other parts of the British Empire?

4. Make a list of the chief productions of Canada.

Chapter XXXIV

1. Compare the life of a settler in Australia with that of one in Canada.

2. "The States were separated from each other by six hostile tariffs." What does this mean?

3. Name the steps by which this hostility was overcome.

4. Give an outline of the Constitution of the Australian Commonwealth.

Chapter XXXV

1. "The Queen's wonderful reign." Make a list of—(*a*) Improvements in social conditions, (*b*) improvements in methods of communication, (*c*) additions to the Empire, (*d*) changes in methods of government effected during Queen Victoria's reign.

2. Queen Elizabeth and Victoria were both great queens. What points of (*a*) resemblance, (*b*) difference, do you notice between the achievements of Englishmen under the two queens?

3. Make as complete a list as you can of the military engagements during the reign.

4. "The world has shrunk to a remarkable degree since Victoria ascended the throne." What does this mean?

Chapter XXXVI

1. What is the chief difference between the nature of goods sent to, and those received from, our Colonies?

2. What effect has Free Trade on this exchange?

3. Name some of our chief imports from Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, and New Zealand respectively.

4. "Value of sea power." Give a short account of the growth of Britain's sea power during Queen Victoria's reign. Who are our great competitors in this struggle for sea power?

Chapter XXXVII

1. Name some of the chief forces mentioned in this chapter which have helped to build up the Empire.

2. What are some of the differences between the Constitution of Britain and that of the great self-governing Colonies?

3. Name parts of the Empire which do not manage their own affairs and say how each is governed.

4. "She stands a thousand-wintered tree,
By countless morns impearled,
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world."

WILLIAM WATSON, *England and her Colonies.*

Show from a map of the world and the table at the end of the last chapter that the above is a poetic expression of actual facts.